

# POLICE

COMICS

10¢

JANUARY No.111



"DEATH MISSED ME BY A  
FRACTION OF AN INCH AS THE  
BLADE SANK INTO THE  
PANEL BEHIND ME..."  
*Don't miss—*

**KEN SHANNON**

TOUGH PRIVATE EYE

*in—*  
*A hair-raising tale of*  
**SUSPENSE—**

**"DIANA, THE  
HOMICIDAL  
HUNTRESS!"**

*Also*

**A**

**MAN THRILLER—**

**"MURDER  
FROM  
MOSCOW!"**





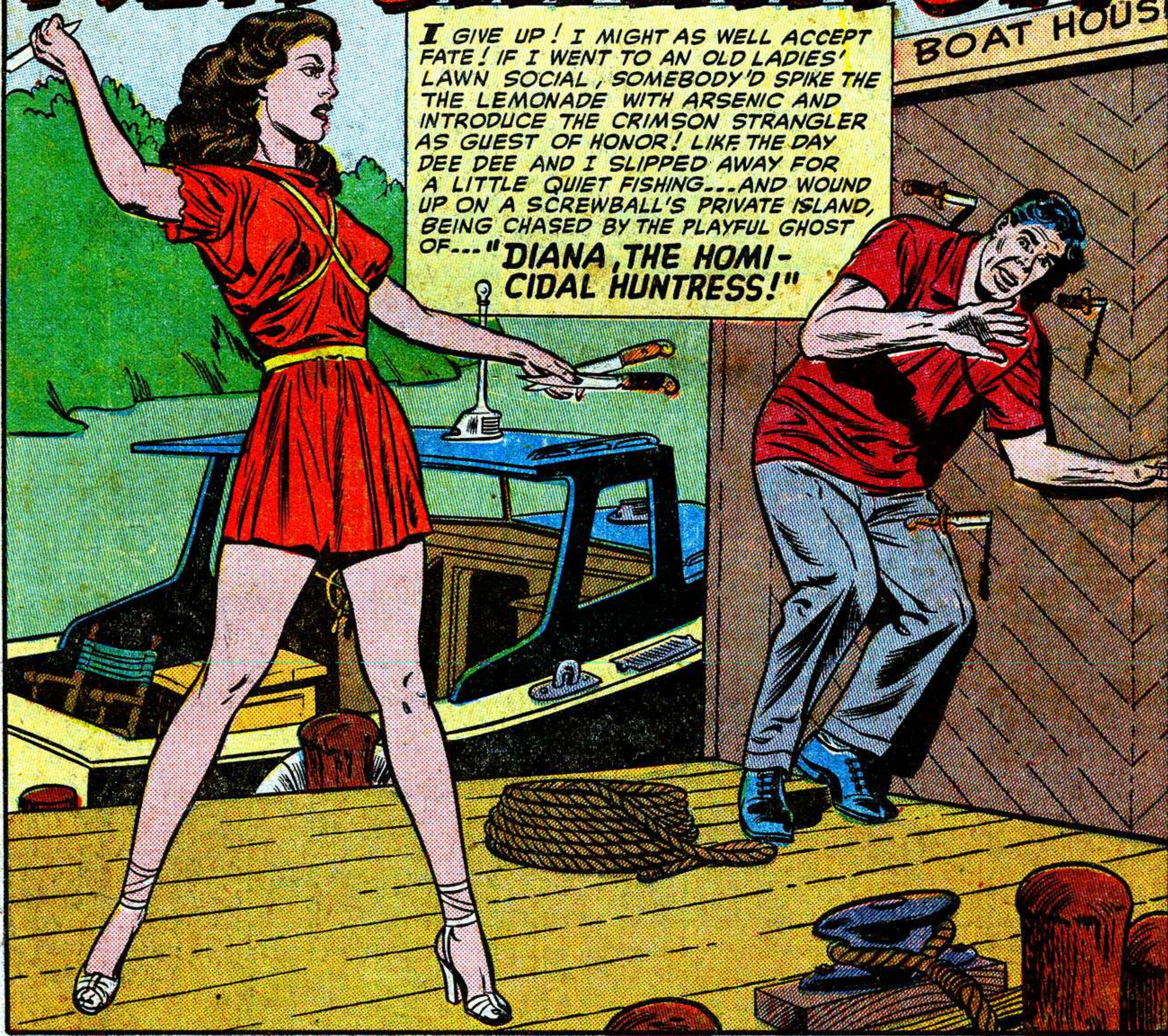
WEB COMIC  
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# KEN SHANNON

BOAT HOUSE

I GIVE UP! I MIGHT AS WELL ACCEPT FATE! IF I WENT TO AN OLD LADIES' LAWN SOCIAL, SOMEBODY'D SPIKE THE THE LEMONADE WITH ARSENIC AND INTRODUCE THE CRIMSON STRANGLER AS GUEST OF HONOR! LIKE THE DAY DEE DEE AND I SLIPPED AWAY FOR A LITTLE QUIET FISHING...AND WOUND UP ON A SCREWBALL'S PRIVATE ISLAND, BEING CHASED BY THE PLAYFUL GHOST OF... "DIANA, THE HOMICIDAL HUNTRESS!"



LANSON DAWES



RICH ENOUGH TO  
BUY ANYTHING...  
EXCEPT MY  
SILENCE!

HARRIET DAWES



SHE COULD HARD-  
LY WAIT TO BE-  
COME A RICH  
WIDOW!

DR. ROBERT LEJON



HE COULD HARDLY  
WAIT TO BE THE  
HUSBAND OF THE  
WIDOW!

DIANA DAWES

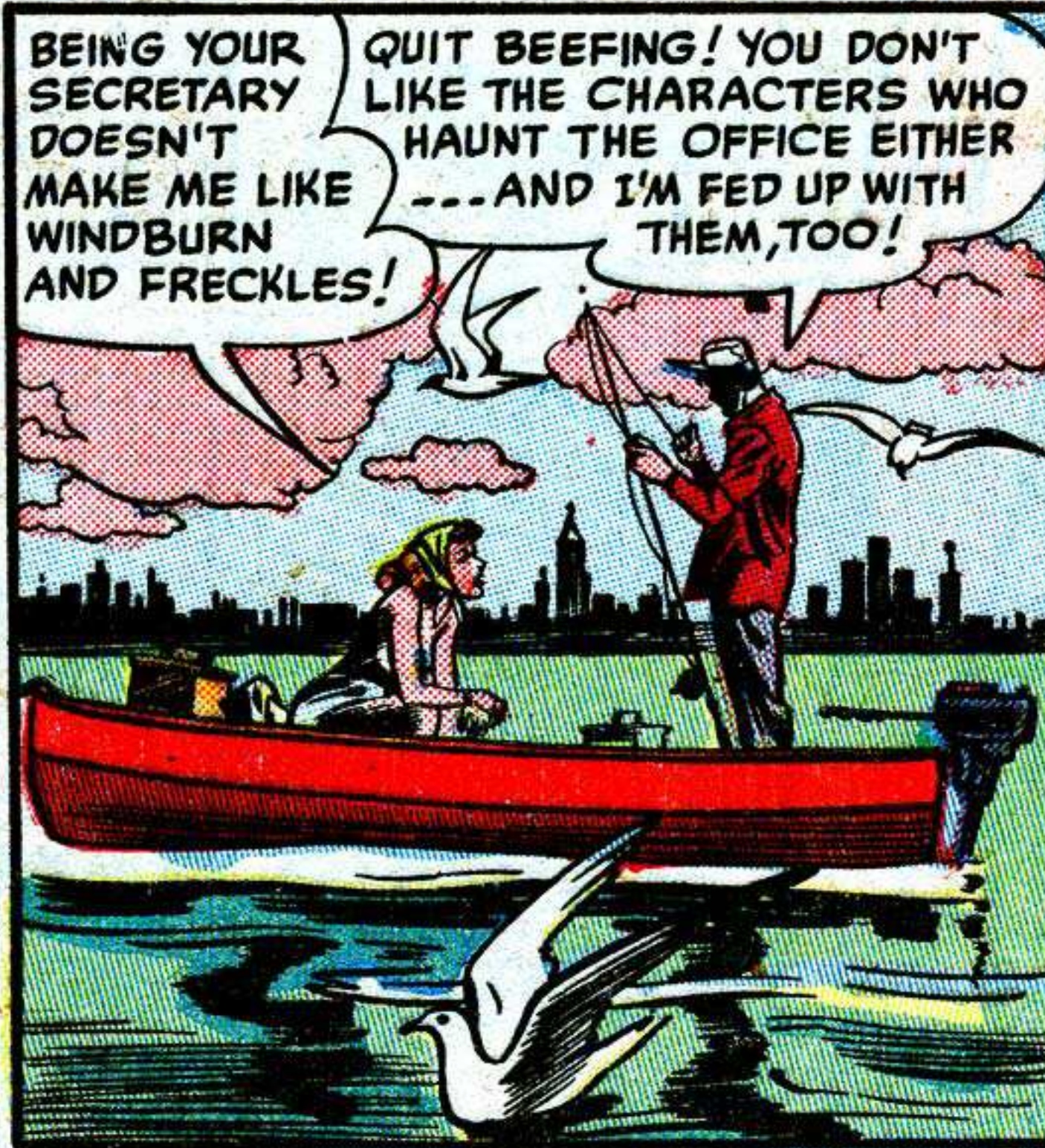


SHE WAS A SHIV  
ARTIST AND SHE  
FANCIED HER AUNT  
AS THE TARGET!



# POLICE COMICS

THERE COMES A TIME IN THE LIFE OF EVERY MAN WHEN HE SIMPLY GETS FED UP TO THE EARS WITH HIS DAILY GRIND!

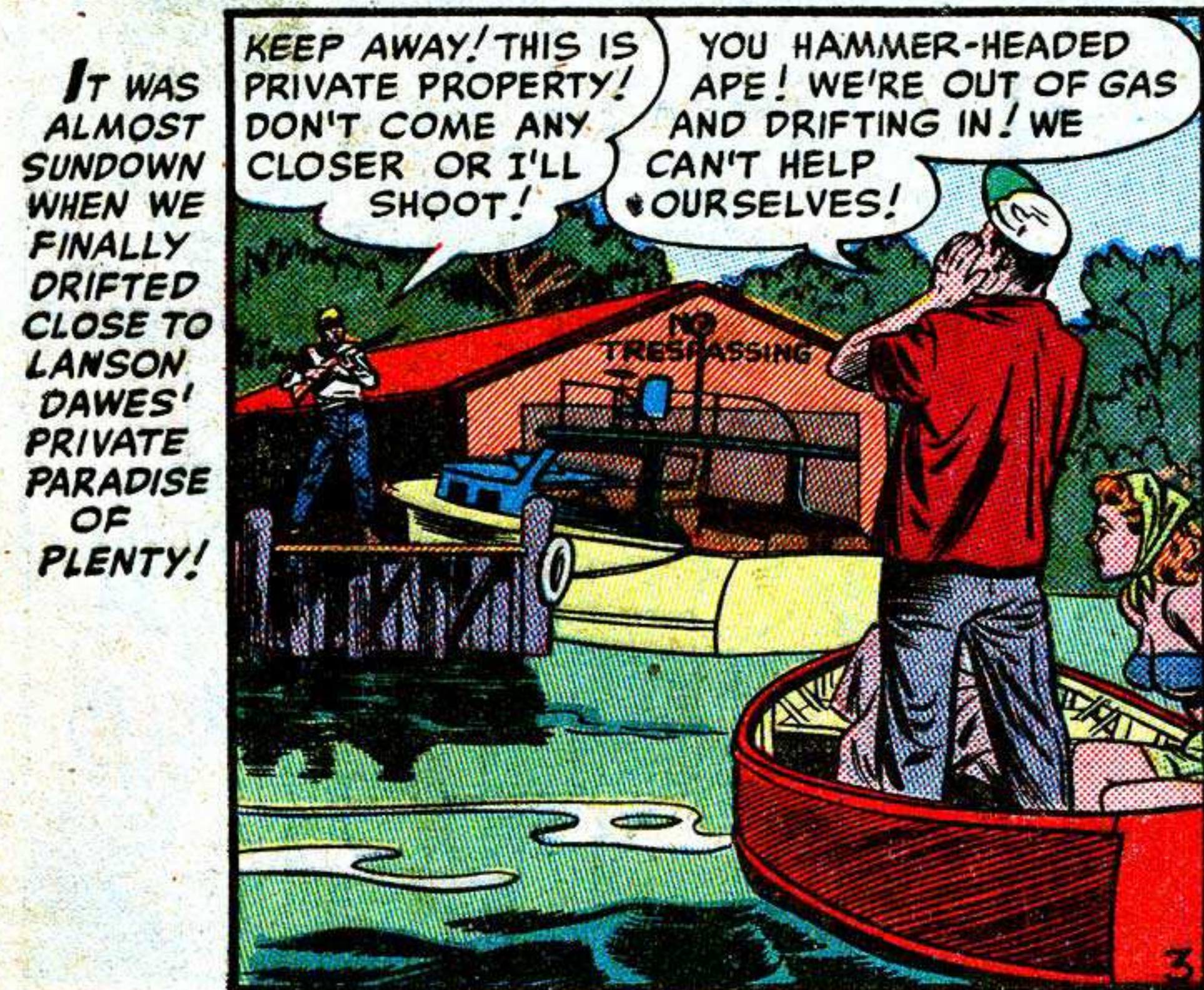
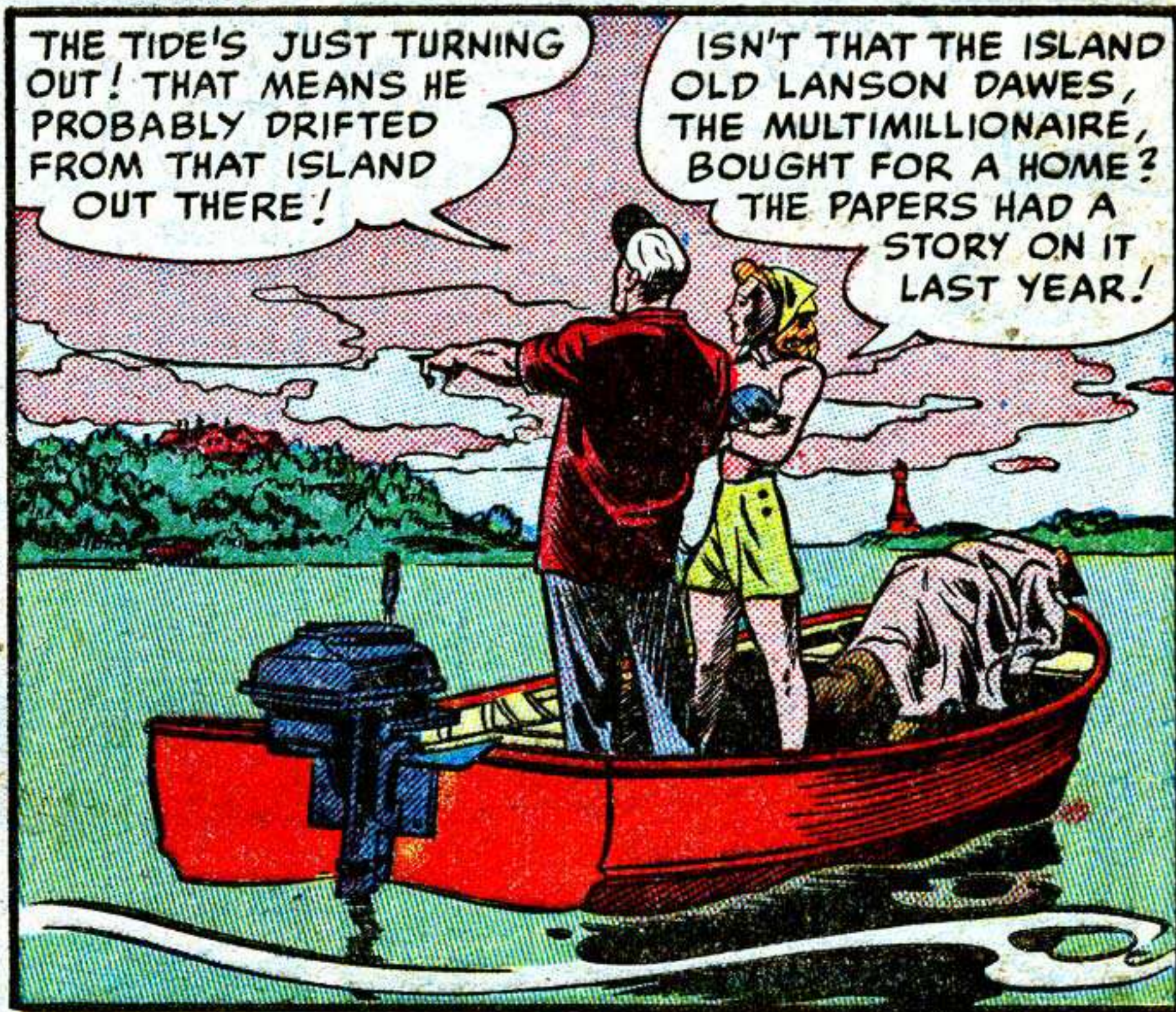




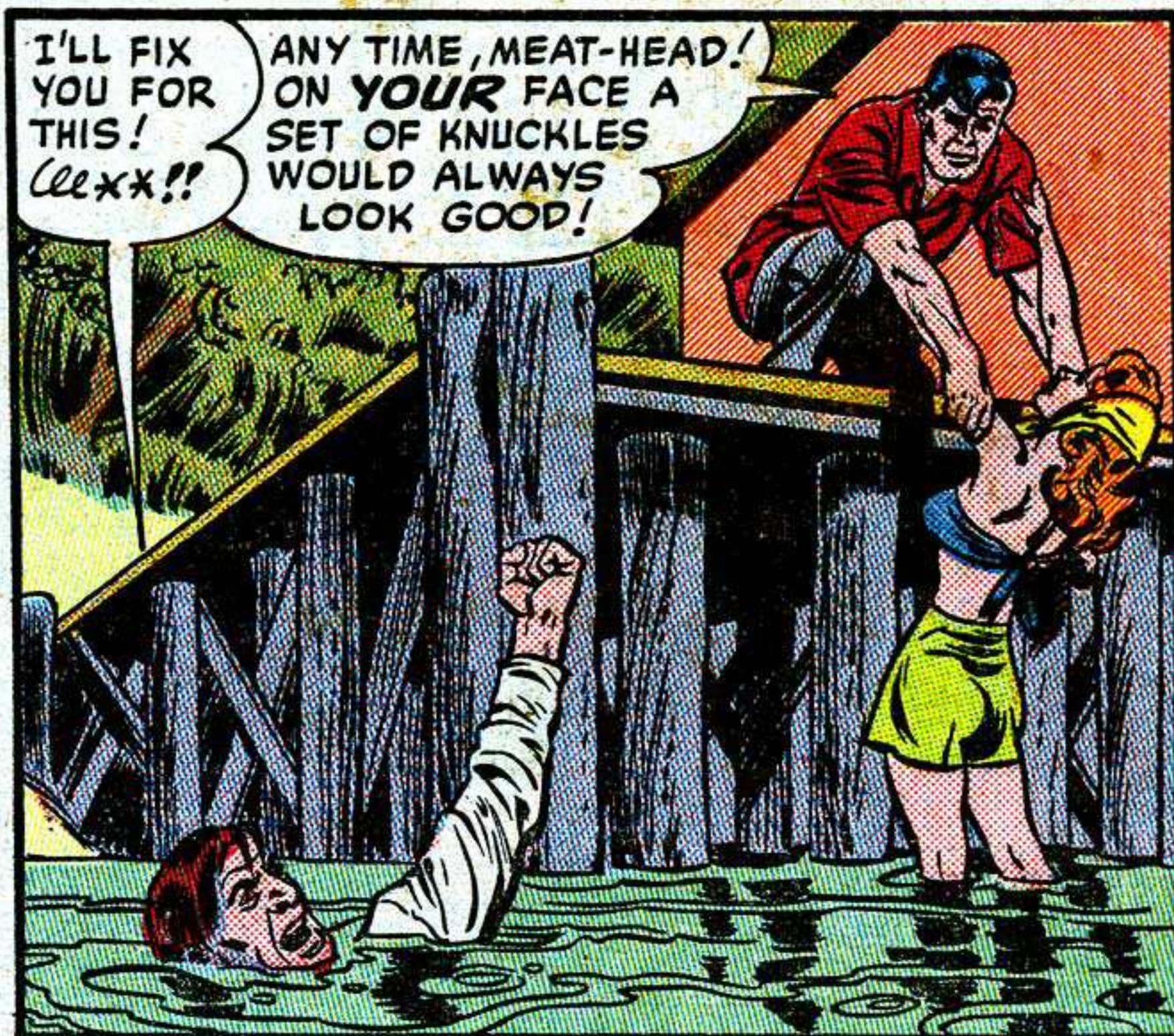
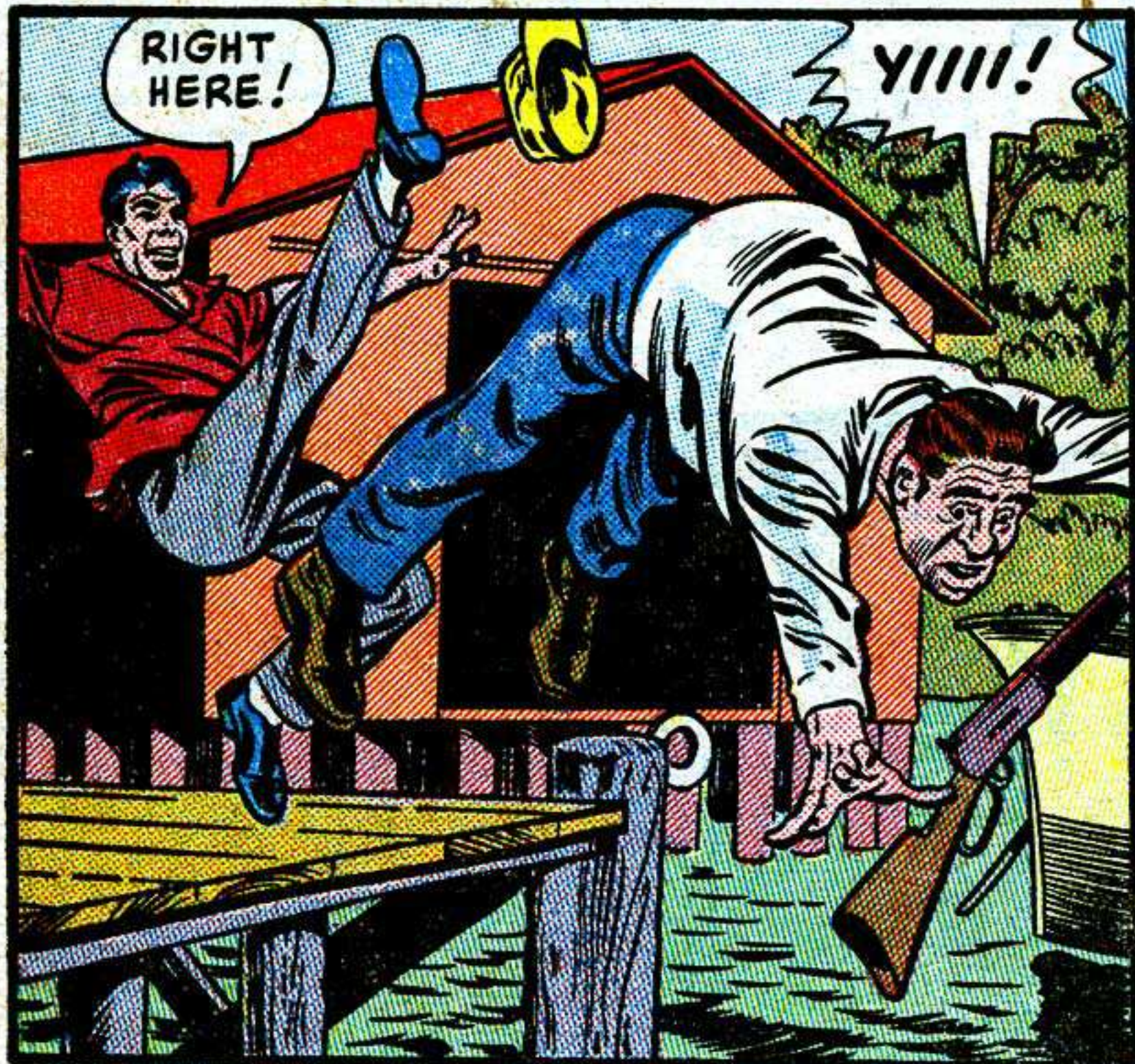
# POLICE COMICS



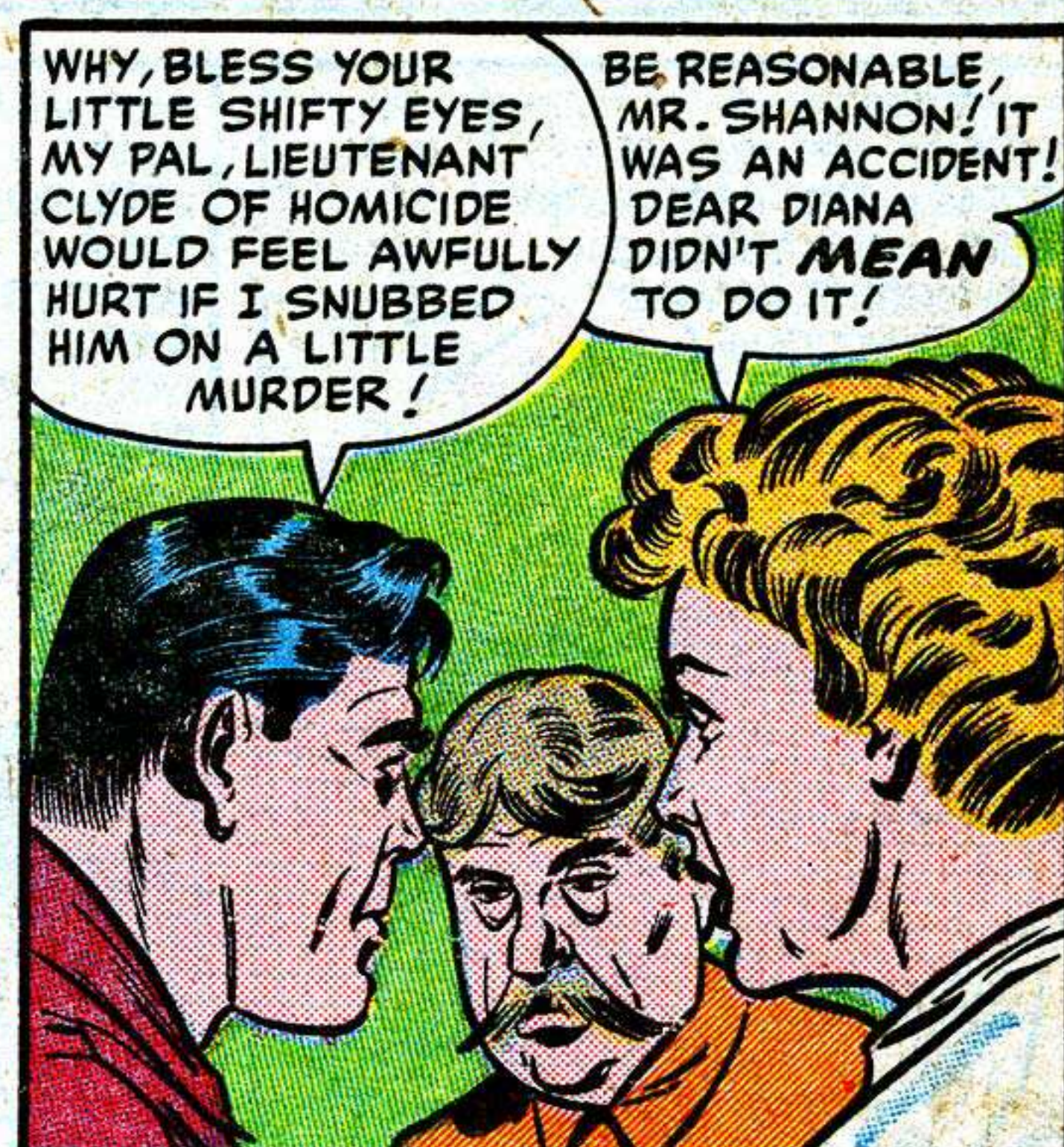
*It* WAS THE BODY OF A YOUNG GUY, NOT LONG DEAD! I HAULED HIM ABOARD AND DRAPED A RAINCOAT OVER THE WORST OF HIM!



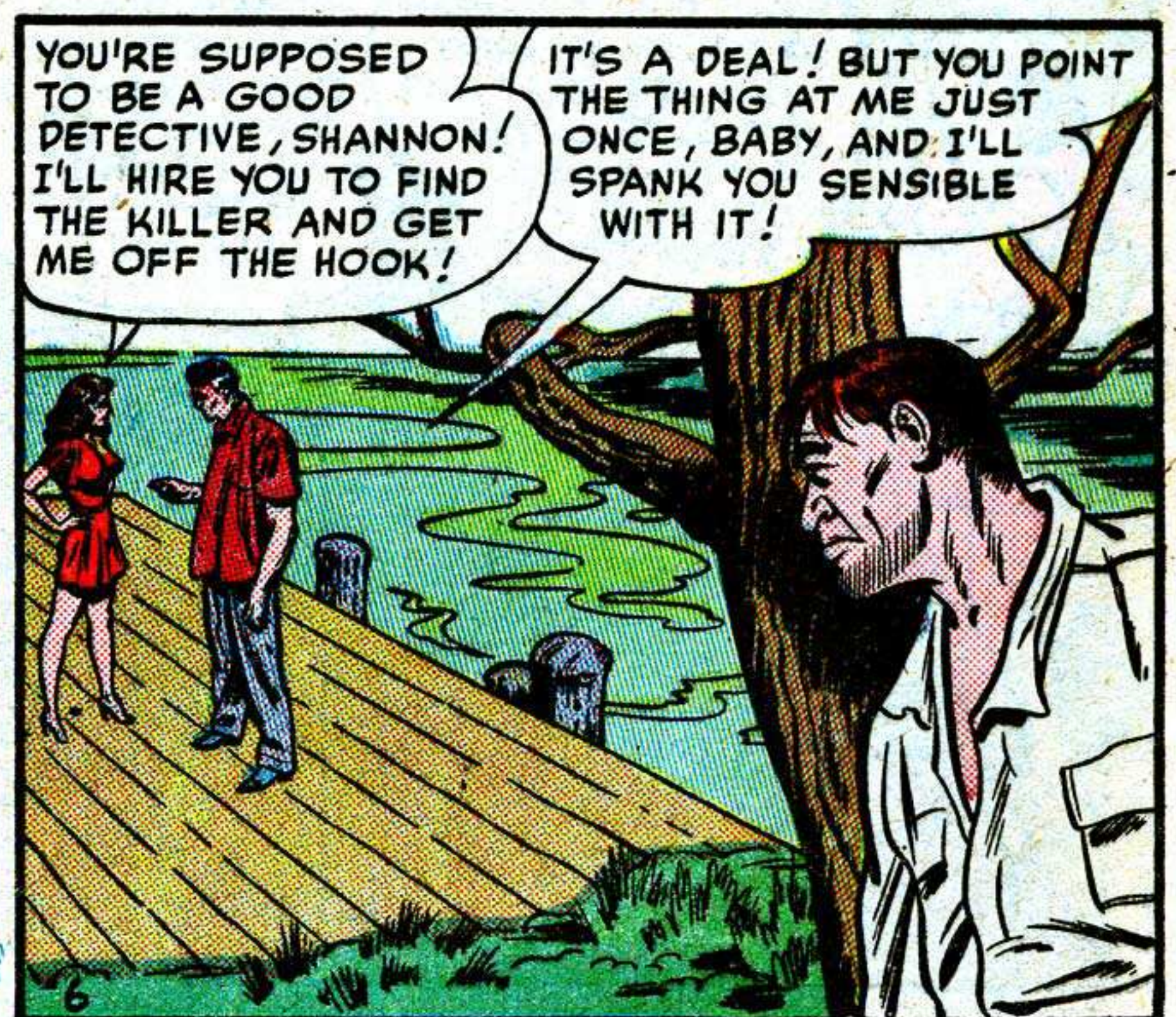














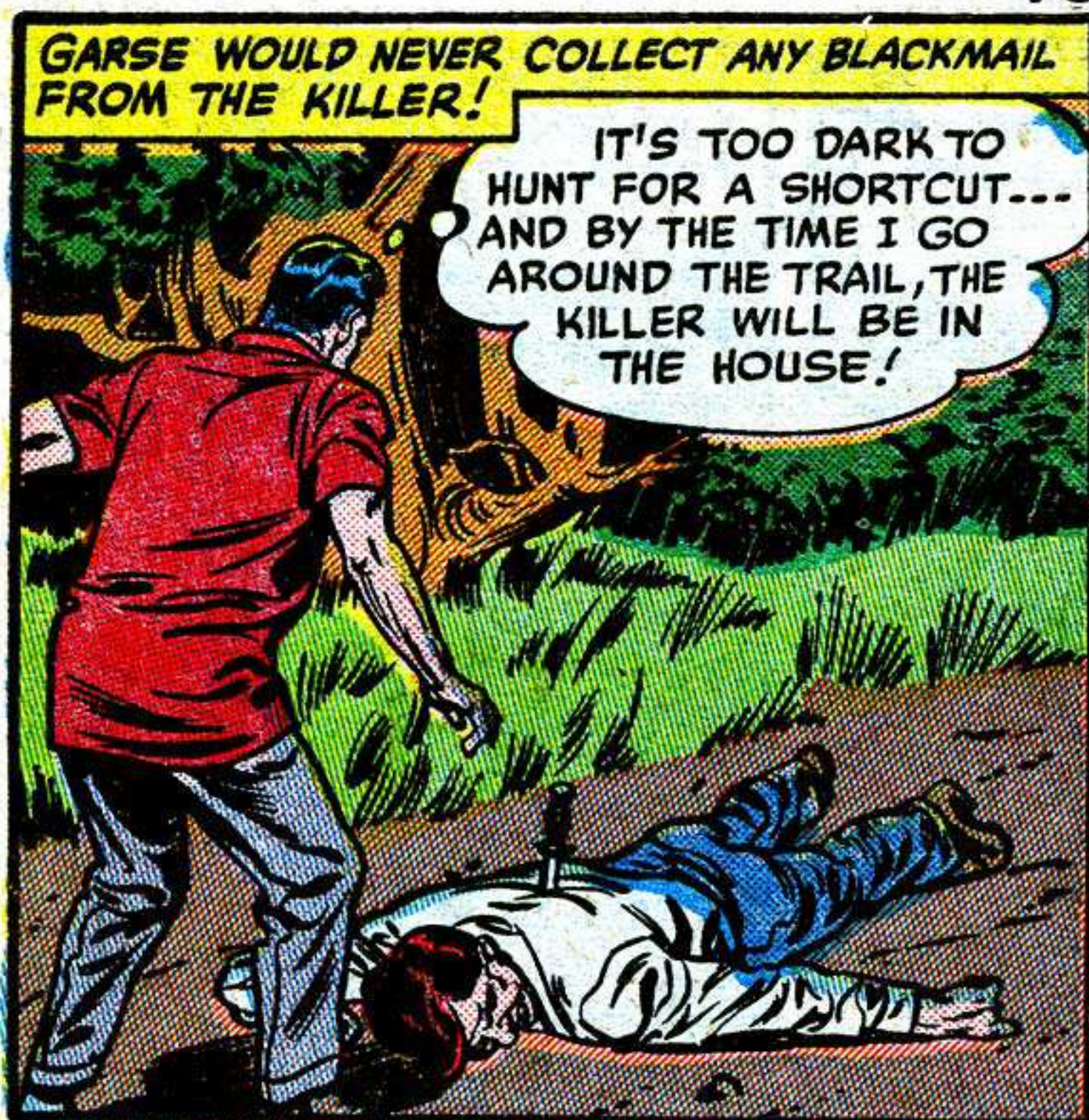
# POLICE COMICS



*They* HEADED FOR THE HOUSE, GRUMBLING! I HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING THE SPOT WHERE DIANA HAD CLOUTED TINNEY AND LEFT HIM!







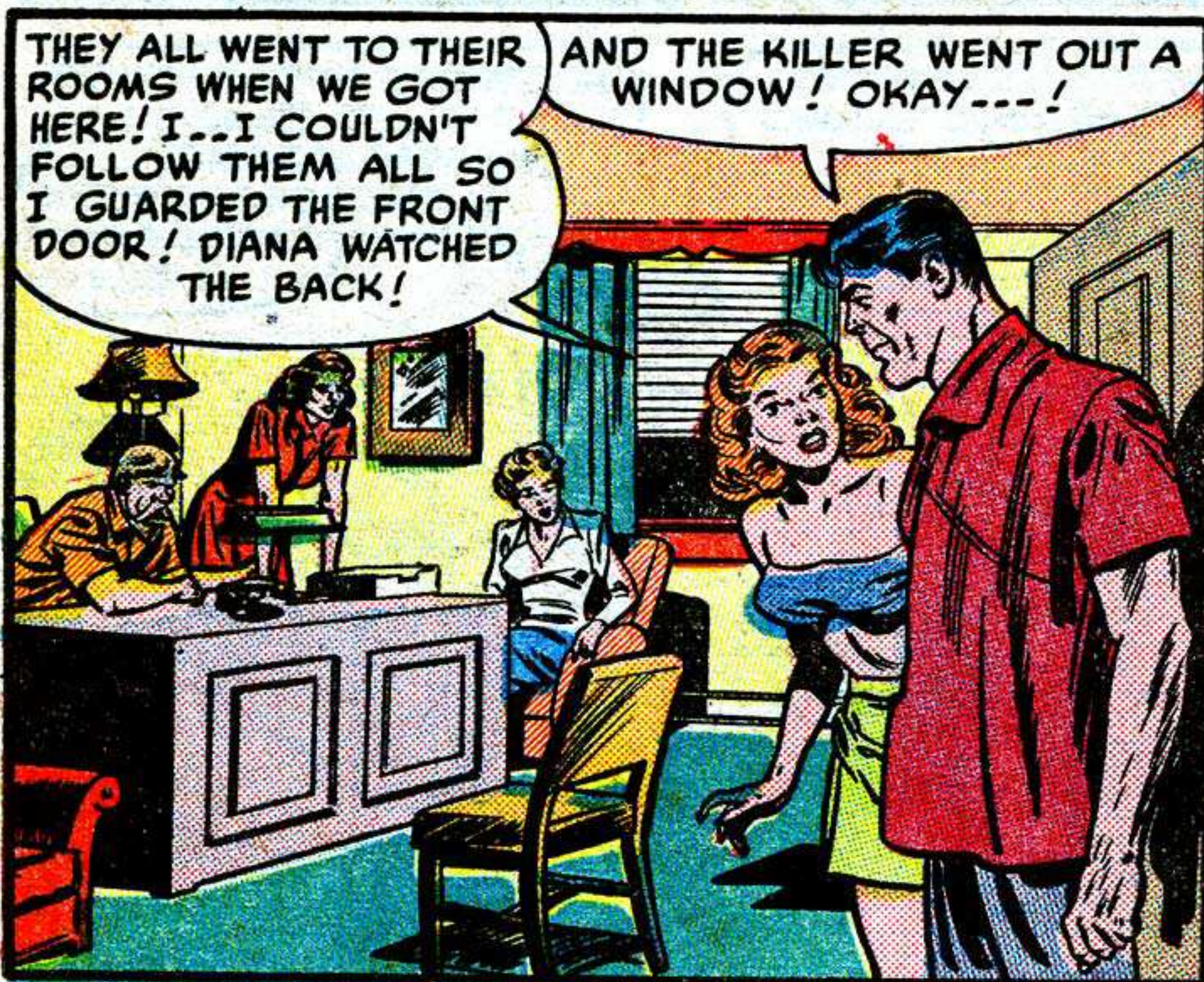
GARSE WOULD NEVER COLLECT ANY BLACKMAIL FROM THE KILLER!

IT'S TOO DARK TO HUNT FOR A SHORTCUT... AND BY THE TIME I GO AROUND THE TRAIL, THE KILLER WILL BE IN THE HOUSE!



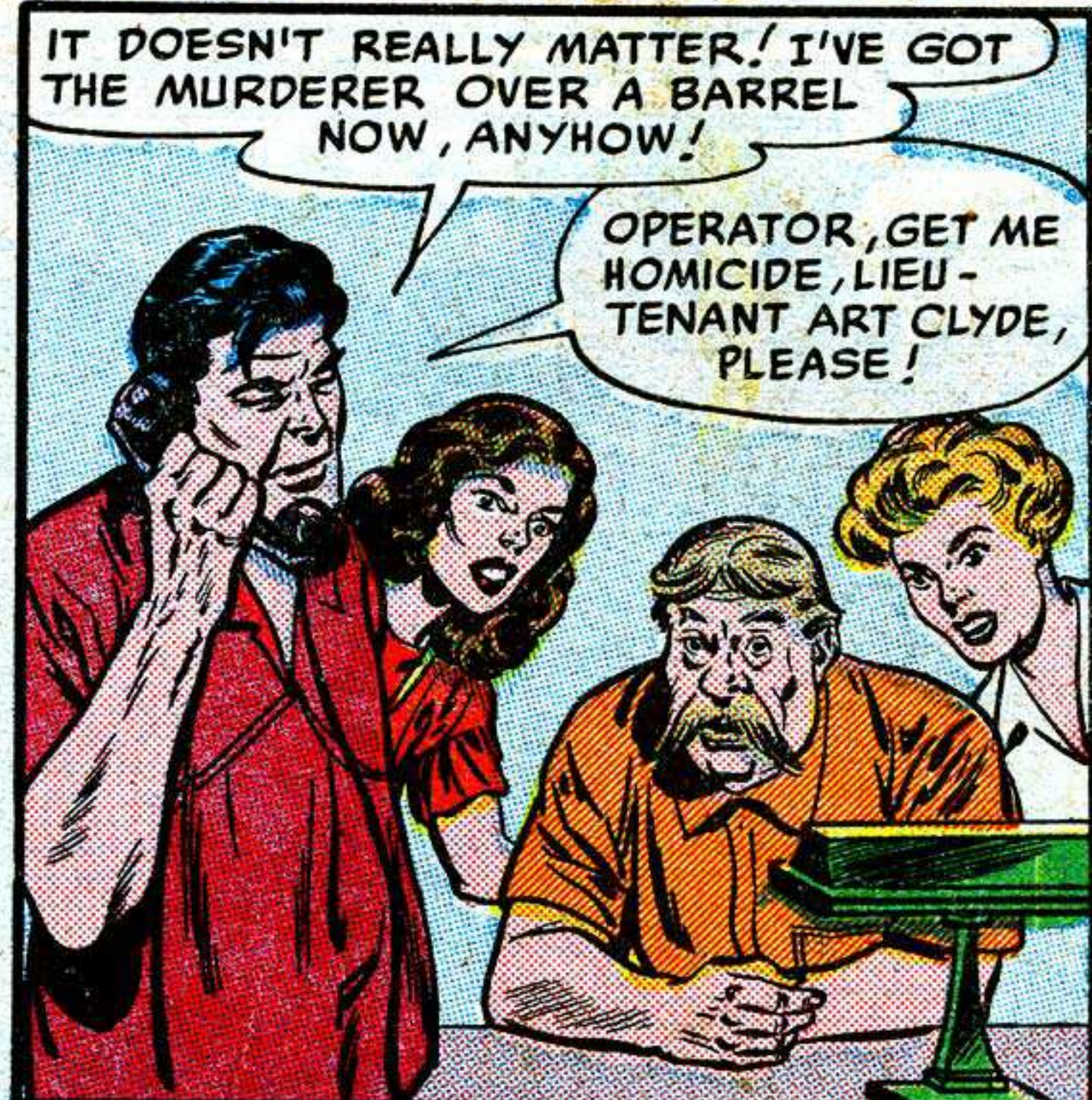
DEE DEE, WHO'S BEEN OUT OF YOUR SIGHT FOR FIVE MINUTES? THE KILLER JUST STRUCK AGAIN!

ULP! THEY ALL HAVE, KEN!



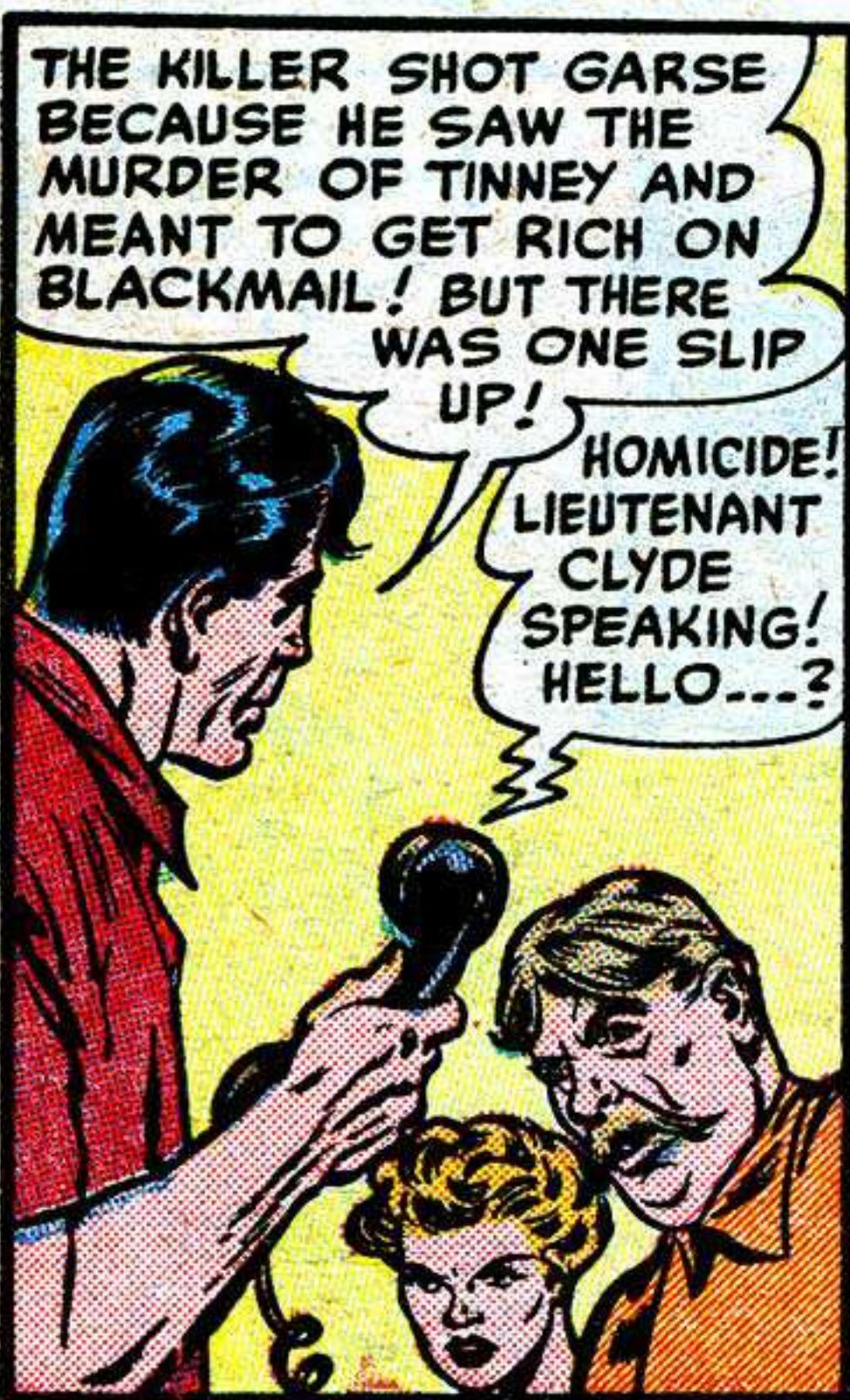
THEY ALL WENT TO THEIR ROOMS WHEN WE GOT HERE! I...I COULDN'T FOLLOW THEM ALL SO I GUARDED THE FRONT DOOR! DIANA WATCHED THE BACK!

AND THE KILLER WENT OUT A WINDOW! OKAY...!



IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER! I'VE GOT THE MURDERER OVER A BARREL NOW, ANYHOW!

OPERATOR, GET ME HOMICIDE, LIEUTENANT ART CLYDE, PLEASE!



THE KILLER SHOT GARSE BECAUSE HE SAW THE MURDER OF TINNEY AND MEANT TO GET RICH ON BLACKMAIL! BUT THERE WAS ONE SLIP UP!

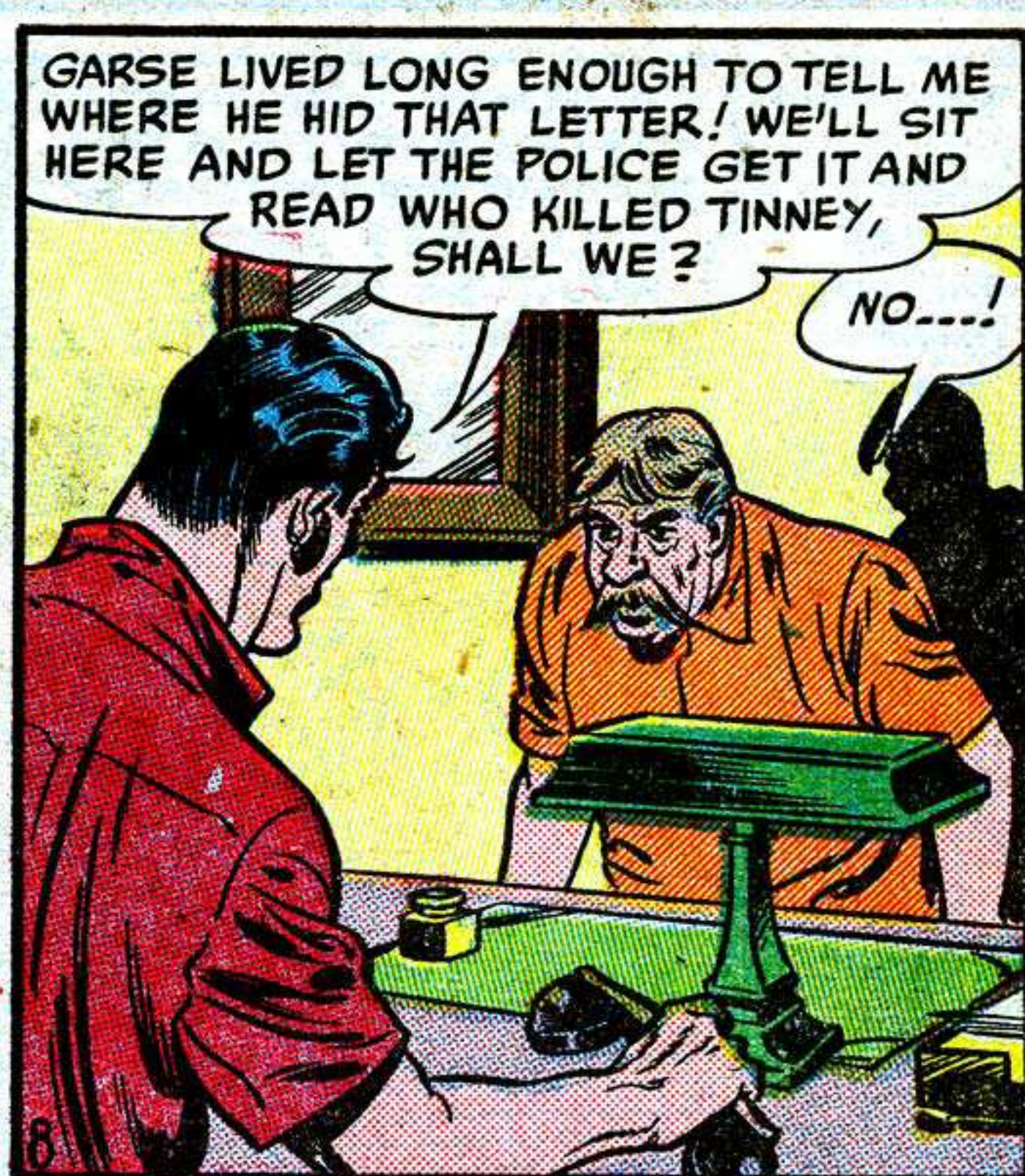
HOMICIDE! LIEUTENANT CLYDE SPEAKING! HELLO...?

**I** BRIEFED ART CLYDE ON WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR! THEN I GAVE THEM ALL MY PUNCH LINE!



THE KILLER WAS DUMB, ART! HE FORGOT THAT A BLACKMAILER ALWAYS LEAVES A LETTER DESCRIBING THE MURDER! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM BEING KNOCKED OFF, TOO!

WE'LL BE RIGHT OUT, KEN! HANG ON!



GARSE LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHERE HE HID THAT LETTER! WE'LL SIT HERE AND LET THE POLICE GET IT AND READ WHO KILLED TINNEY, SHALL WE?

NO....!



# POLICE COMICS

SURE IT WAS ALL A BLUFF! GARSE HADN'T LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO SAY A WORD BUT I WANTED ACTION... AND I GOT IT!

I KILLED TINNEY BECAUSE HE WAS GETTING NOSEY ABOUT SOME OF MY BUSINESS DEALS! I KILLED GARSE, TOO! YOU DIDN'T KNOW I USED TO BE A CHAMPION KNIFE-THROWER, DID YOU?

UNCLE LANSON!

I WANT THAT LETTER! TELL ME WHERE IT IS, SHANNON, OR I'LL PUT A KNIFE THROUGH YOUR LOVELY GIRL FRIEND'S THROAT!

YOU CRAZY FOOL! PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE! YOU CAN'T KILL US ALL!

WHY NOT? I'VE SPREAD A STORY THAT DIANA WAS INSANE, THAT SHE TRIED TO KILL HARRIET BEFORE! I'LL SAY SHE WENT BERSERK AND DID IT! I'VE KNOWN ABOUT HARRIET AND BOB LEJON FOR A LONG TIME!

BUT DID YOU KNOW ABOUT CHAIR-THROWING?

BLAST YOU....!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WENT CRAZY, DAWES!

ARGHHH!

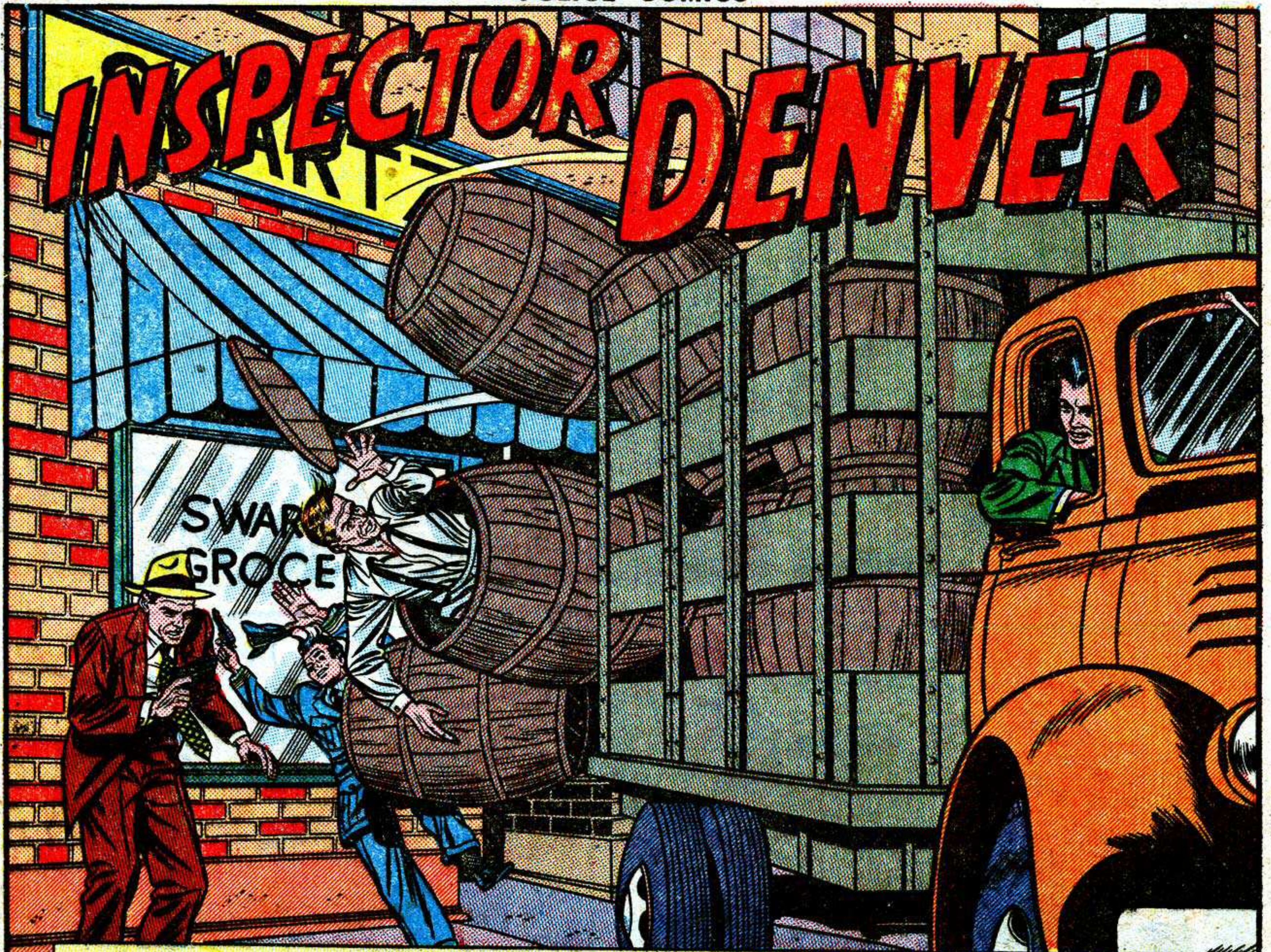
HE'LL KEEP UNTIL THE POLICE COME! YOU'LL HAVE TO TESTIFY, OF COURSE! I WAS ONLY BLUFFING ABOUT A LETTER!

KEN SHANNON, YOU WERE WONDERFUL! I'LL PAY YOUR FEE WITH A NICE, FAT BONUS!

WHY DON'T YOU STAY OVER UNTIL TOMORROW, KEN, AND LET ME SHOW YOU HOW ROMANTIC THE ISLAND CAN REALLY BE?

NO, THANKS, HONEY! I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO AMBITION TO WIND UP MY BUSINESS WITH THE JEALOUS SECRETARY MURDER CASE!





**YOU'D HARDLY LOOK TWICE AT A TRUCKLOAD OF BARRELS! BUT TRY MEETING THEM AS THEY CHARGE HEAD-ON AT YOU LIKE A HERD OF CRAZED BUFFALO! WELL, THEY SAY EVERYTHING HAPPENS IN HOMICIDE! AND INSPECTOR DENVER FIGURED HE'D SEEN IT ALL! BUT HE HADN'T... NOT UNTIL HE'D COME TO GRIPS WITH...**

## **THE BARREL-ROLL SHAKEDOWN!**

**IT WAS A MILD DAY IN AUGUST WHEN THE CRAZY CASE BROKE!**

YOU KNOW, MARTY, IT'S TOO QUIET AROUND HERE! ISN'T NATURAL FOR THIS SIDE OF TOWN!

OLD GLOOM BUSTER CASSIDY! A NICE AUTUMN DAY AND YOU SEE NOTHING BUT TROUBLE... WHAT'S THAT?



WHA!... EARTHQUAKE!

EARTHQUAKE MY FOOT! THAT TRUCK LOAD OF BARRELS BROKE LOOSE!

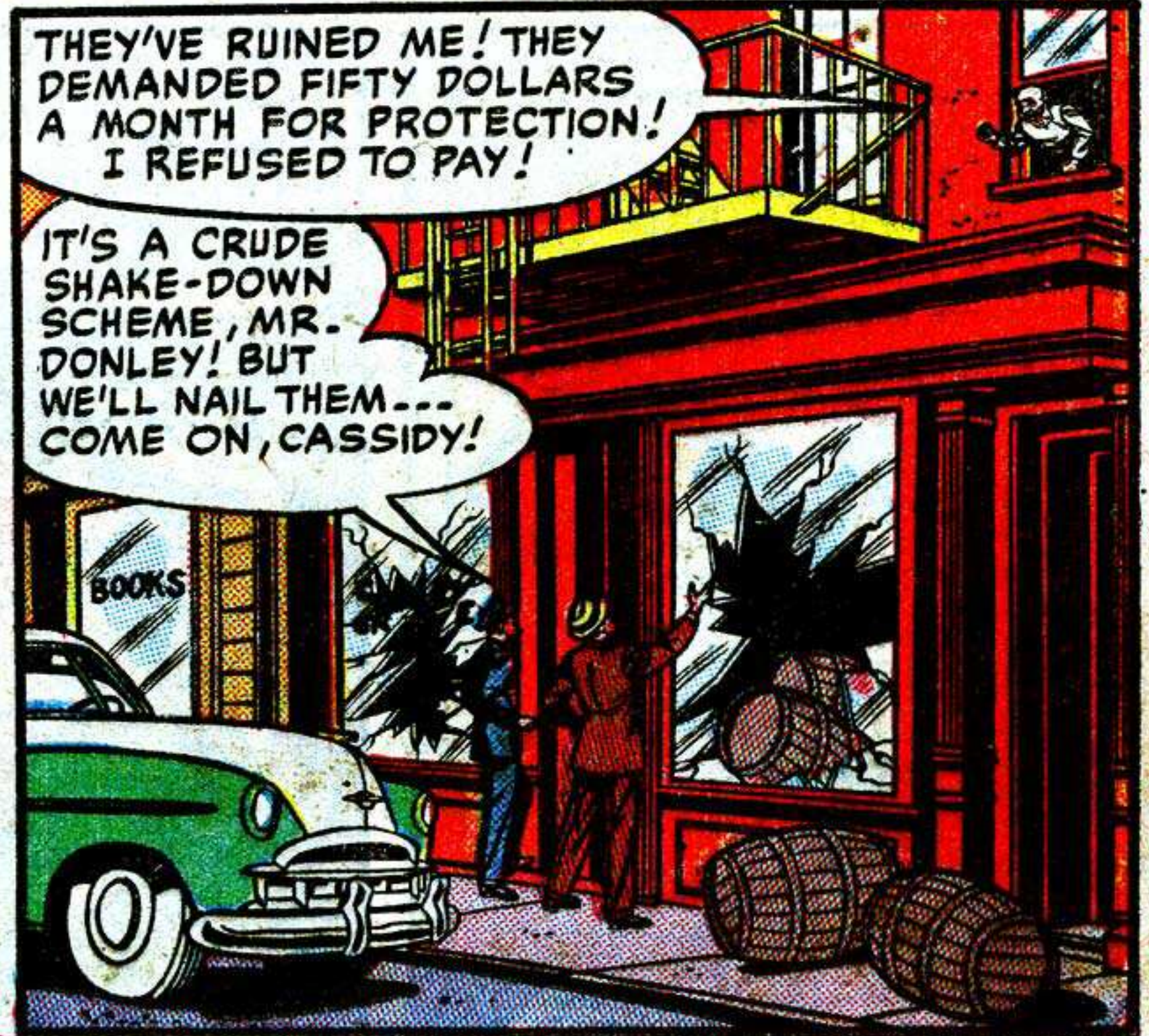
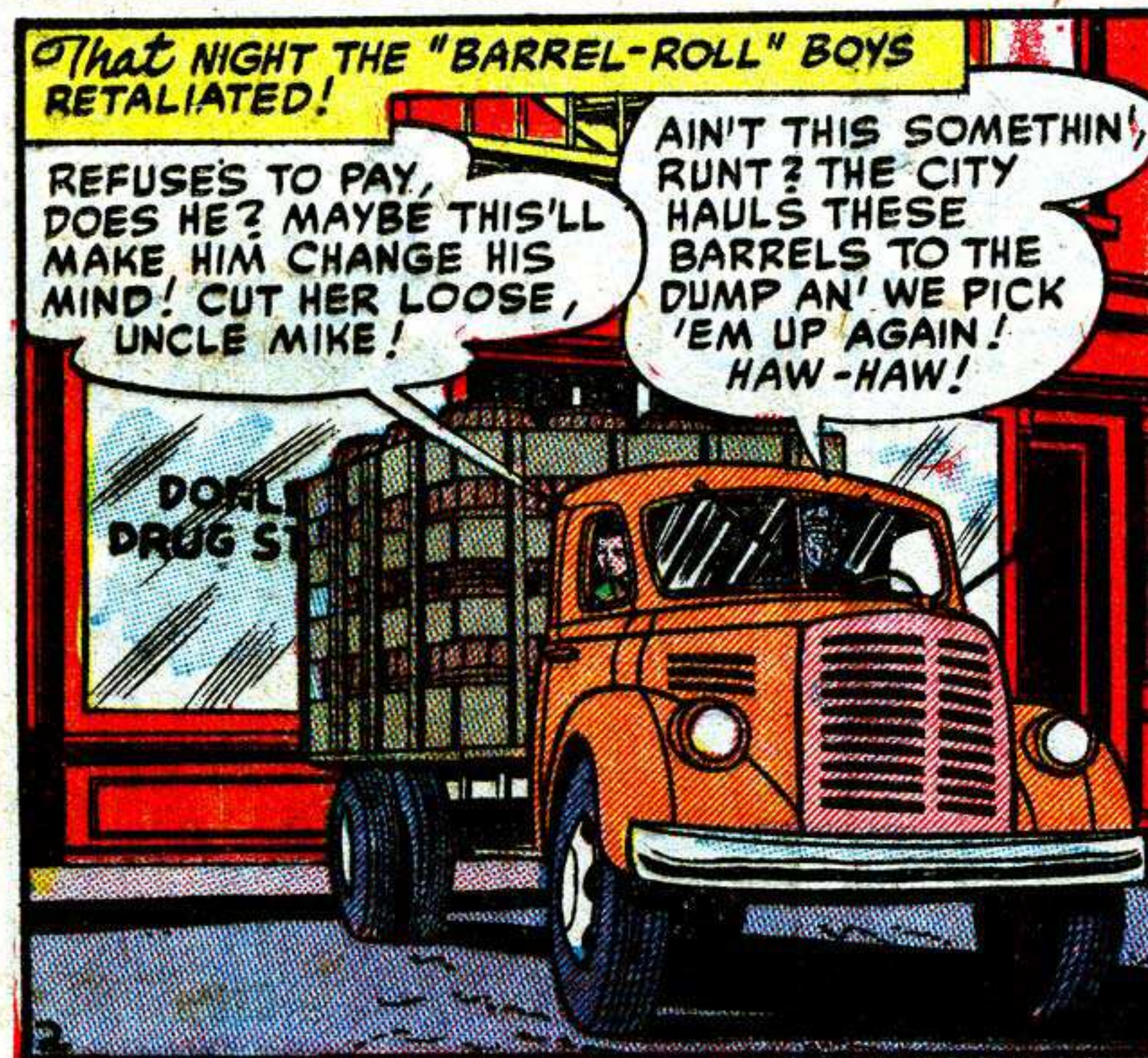
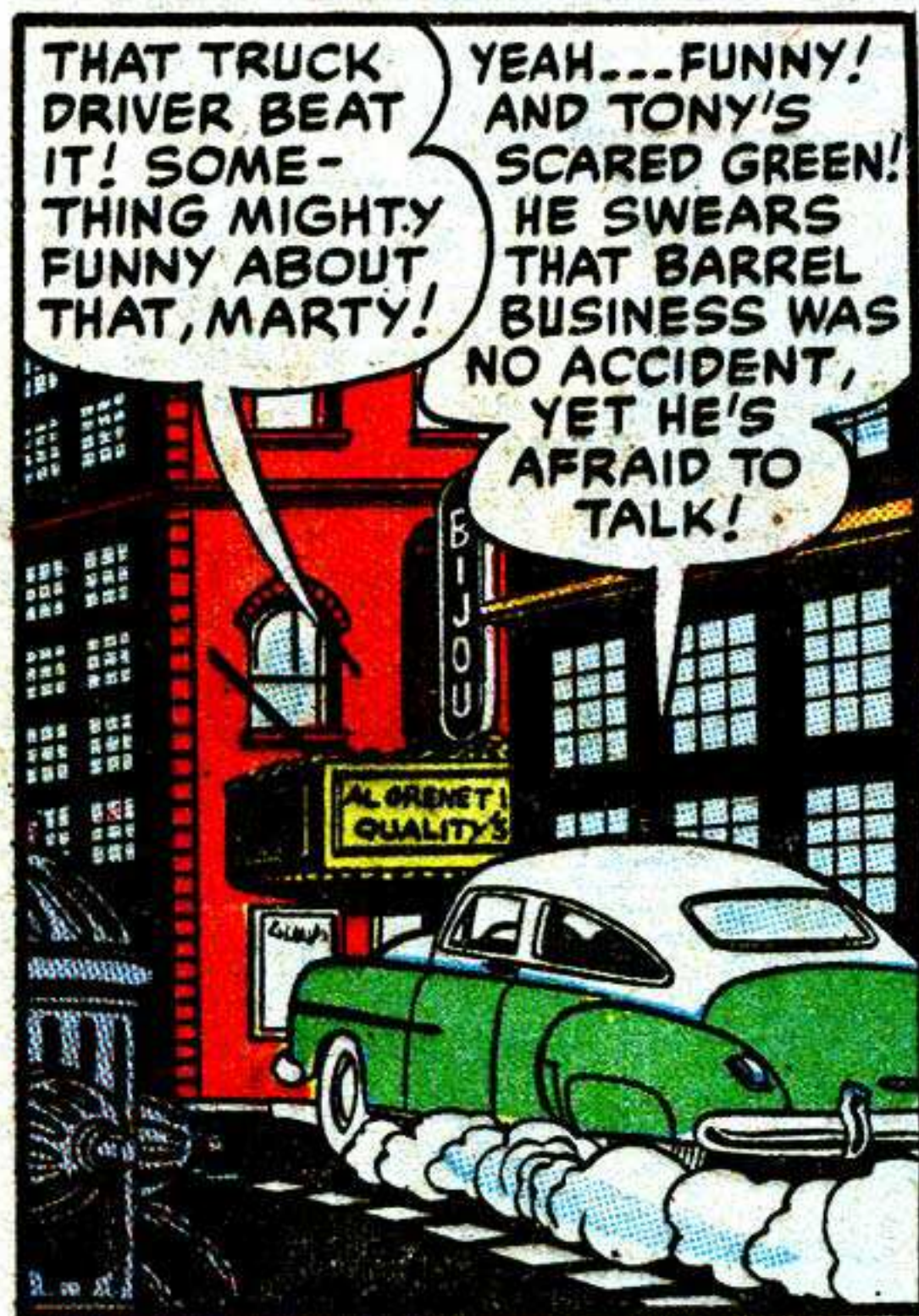


AND THERE THEY GO CRASHING THROUGH TONY RICCO'S VEGETABLE STORE! WE'D BETTER GIVE HIM A HAND!

WE'D BETTER GRAB THAT TRUCK DRIVER FOR CARELESSNESS!





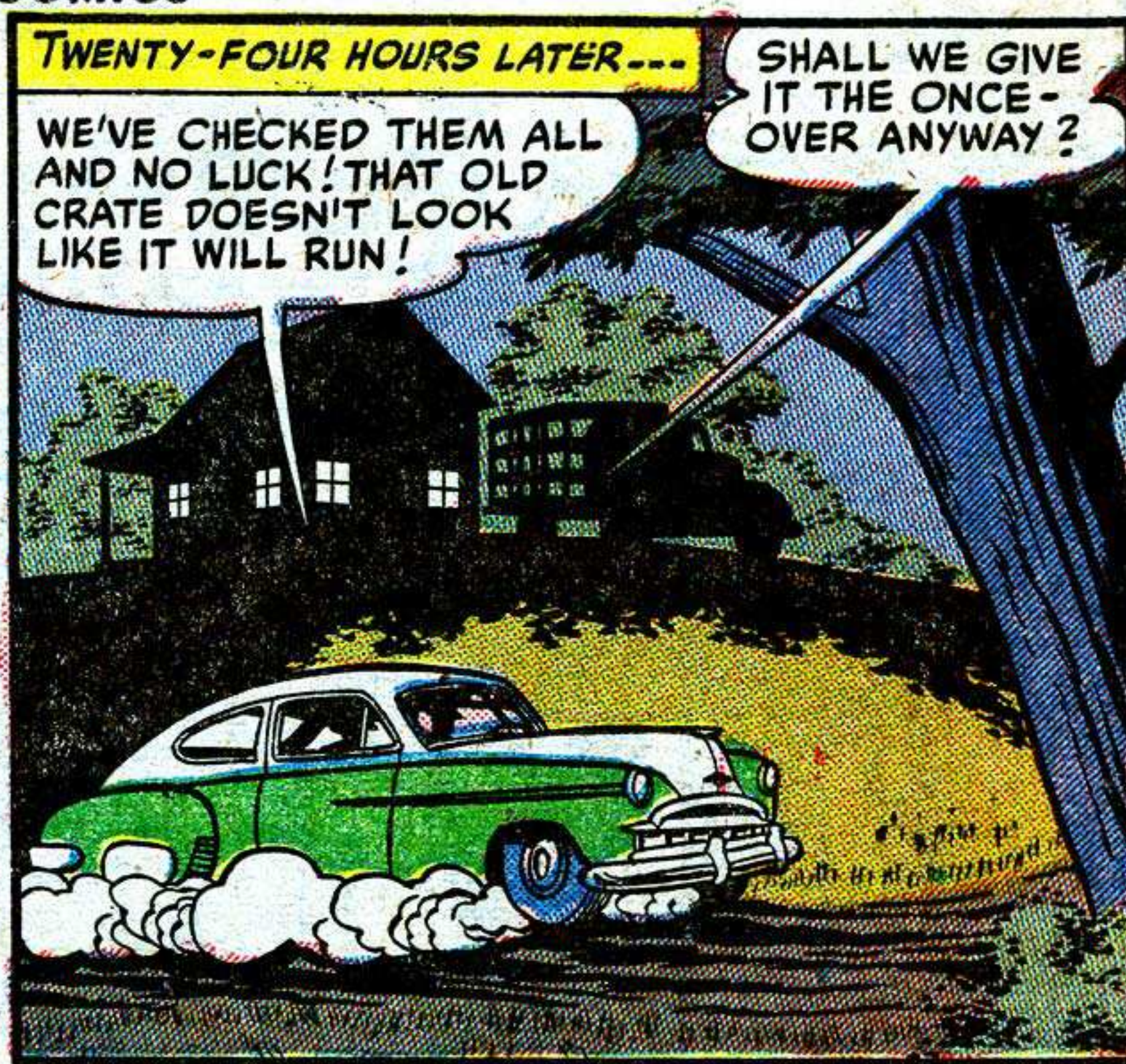






WELL, MASTERMIND, WHERE DO WE START NAILING THEM? EMPTY BARRELS DON'T MAKE GOOD CLUES!

AND EMPTY HEADS WON'T FIND ANY! WE'LL CHECK THE TRUCK COMPANIES AS A STARTER!



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER---

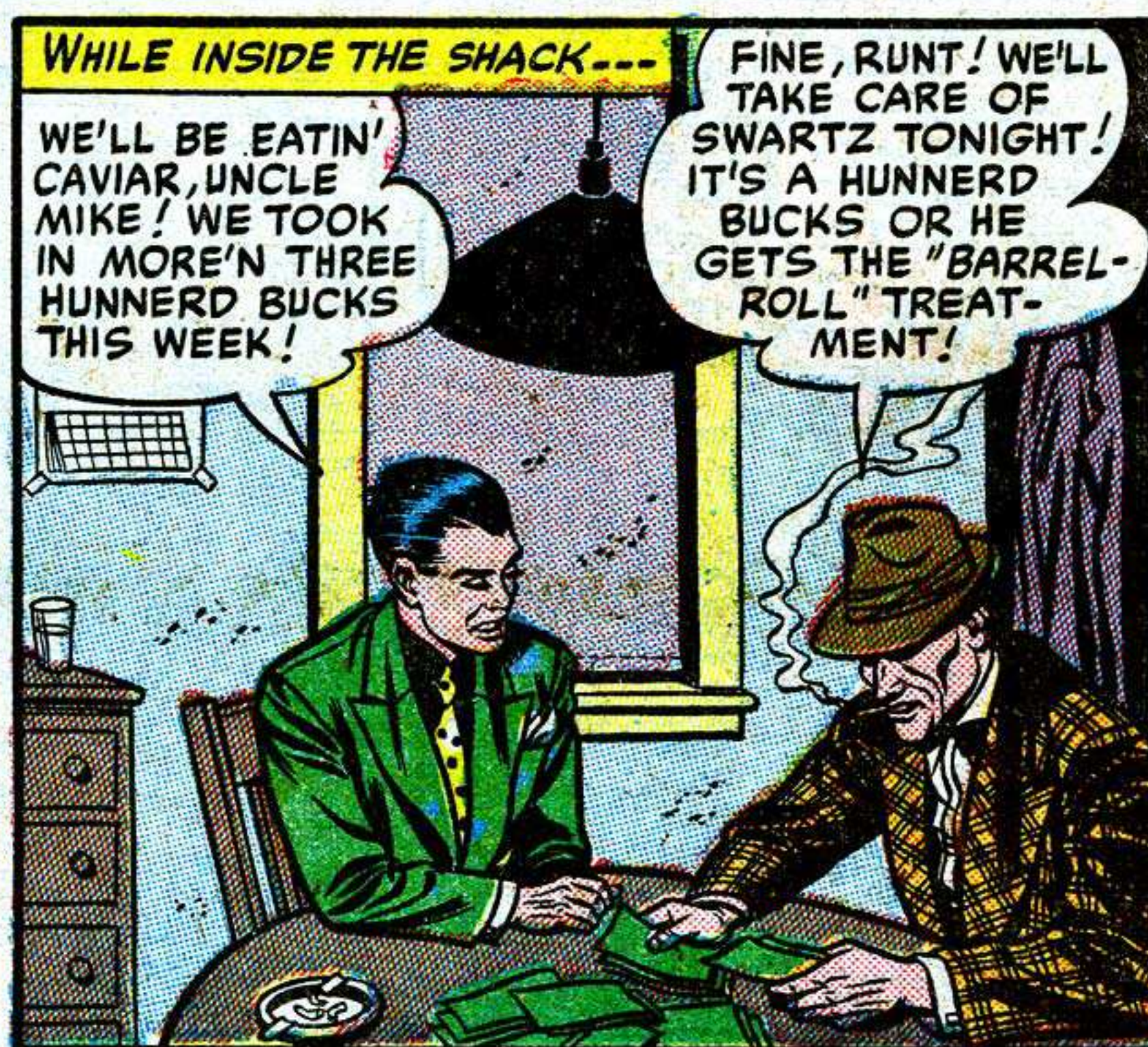
WE'VE CHECKED THEM ALL AND NO LUCK! THAT OLD CRATE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT WILL RUN!

SHALL WE GIVE IT THE ONCE-OVER ANYWAY?



LOOK, MARTY... BARRELS!

YEAH, AND THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM, CASSIDY!



WHILE INSIDE THE SHACK---

WE'LL BE EATIN' CAVIAR, UNCLE MIKE! WE TOOK IN MORE'N THREE HUNNED BUCKS THIS WEEK!

FINE, RUNT! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF SWARTZ TONIGHT! IT'S A HUNNED BUCKS OR HE GETS THE "BARREL-ROLL" TREATMENT!



TWO COPS OUT THERE LOOKIN' AT THE TRUCK! BEAT IT OUT THE BACK WAY, UNCLE MIKE!

THEY HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON US! BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL GIVE 'EM THE SLIP!



THAT SHADE MOVED! GET ROUND TO THE BACK, CASSIDY! THIS LOOKS SUSPICIOUS!

RIGHT! BUT WATCH IT IF THEY COME BARGING OUT THE FRONT DOOR!

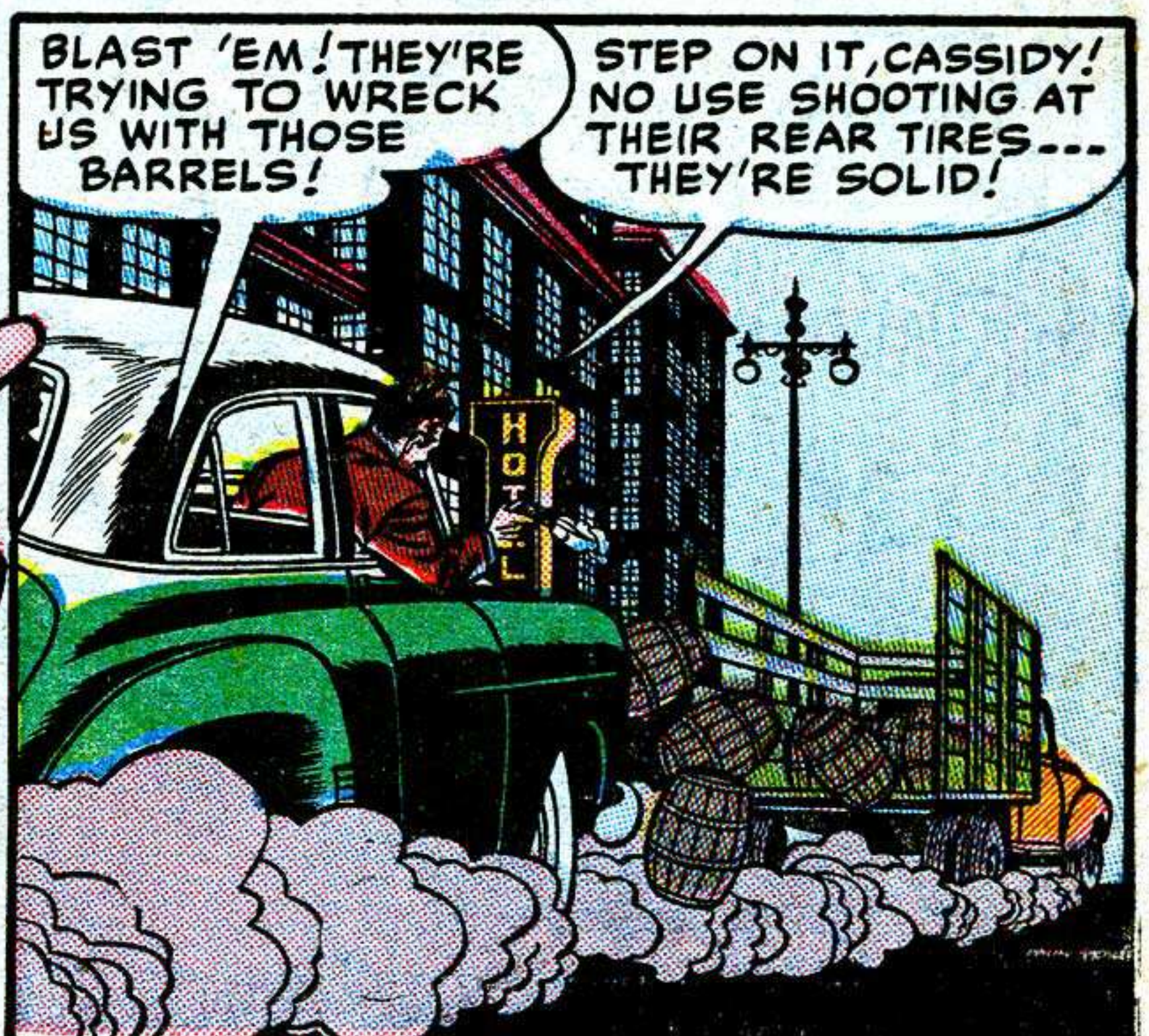
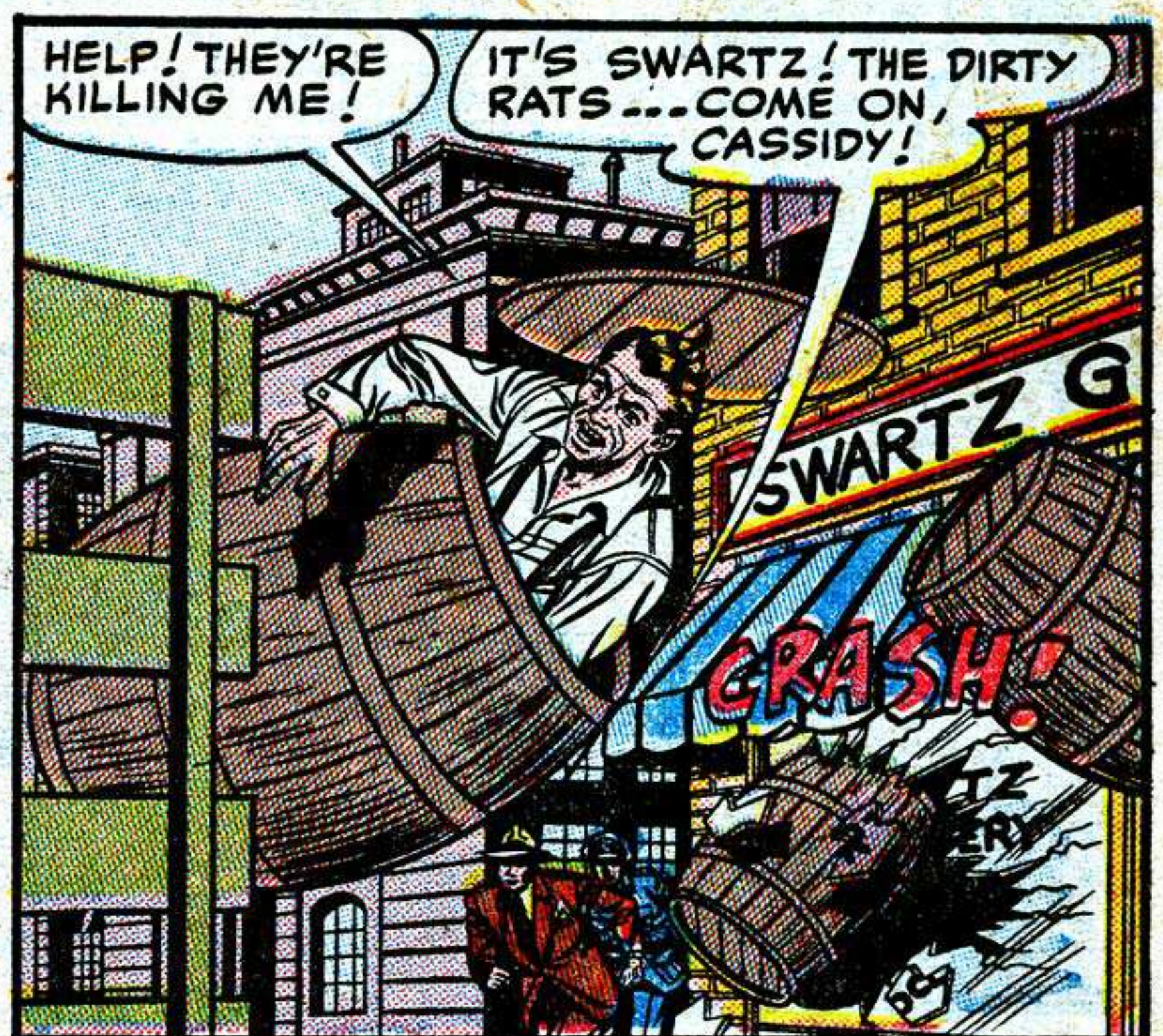
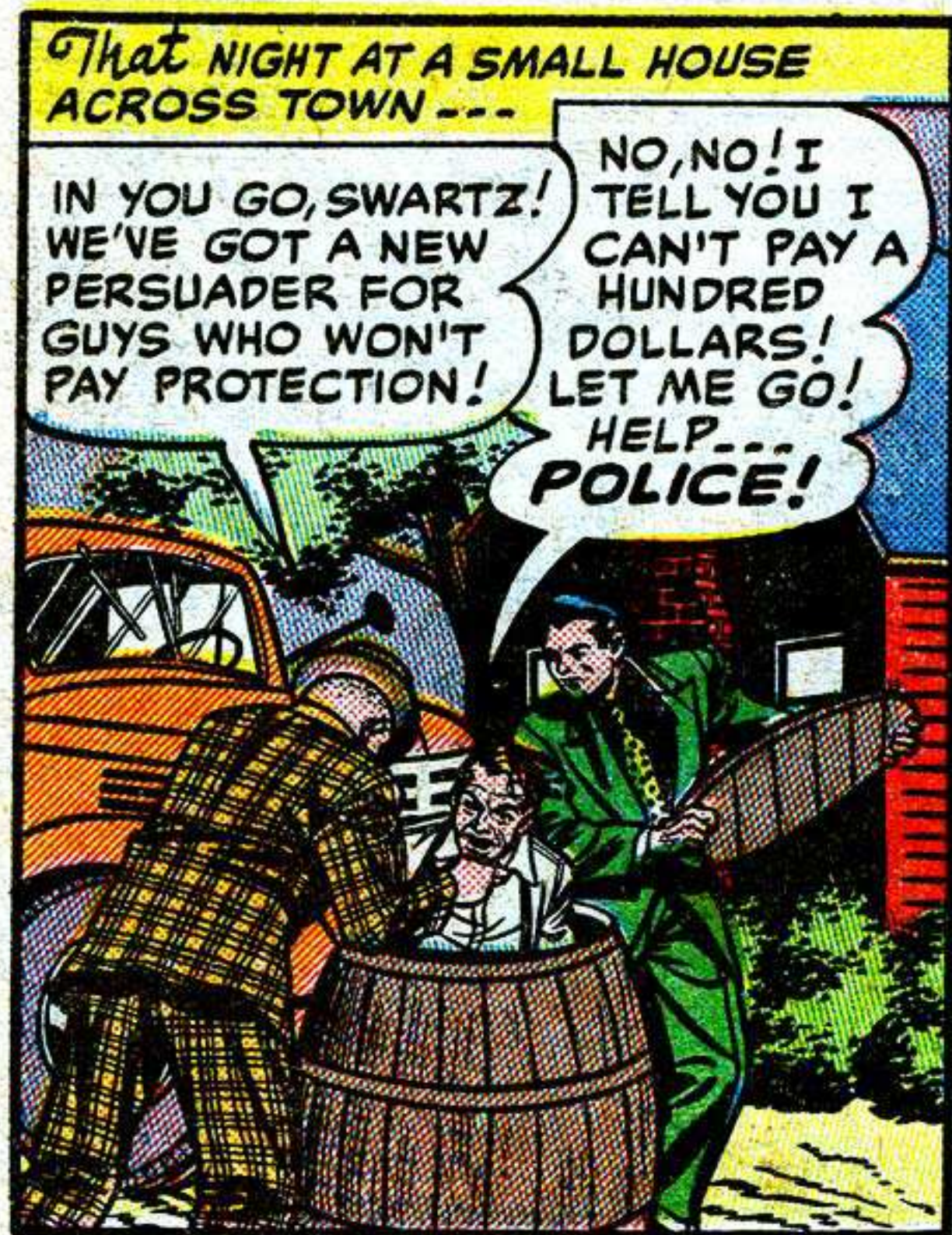


HE SURE TOOK IT ON THE LAM--- LIKE A RAT SCRAMBLING OFF A BURNING SHIP!

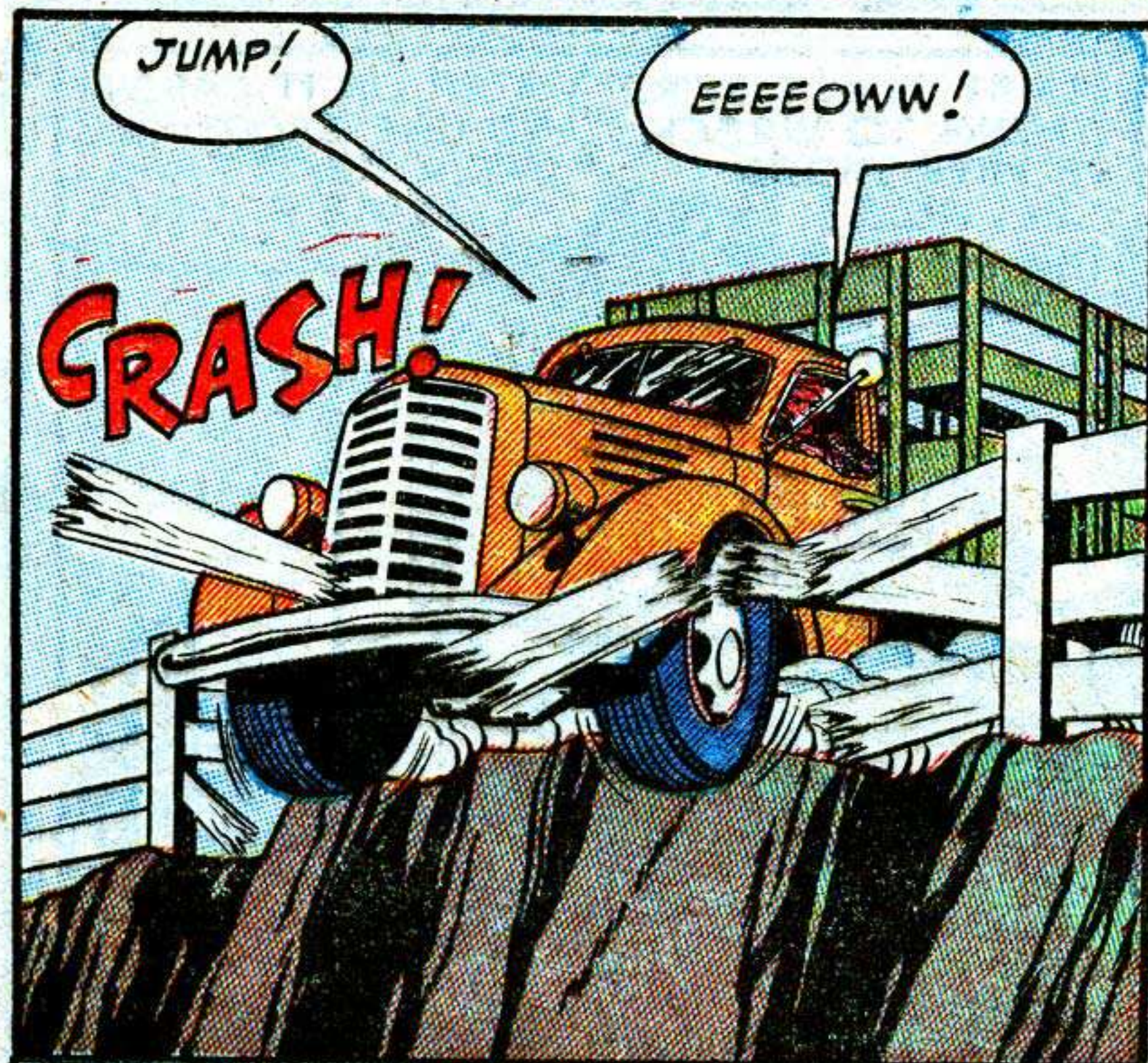
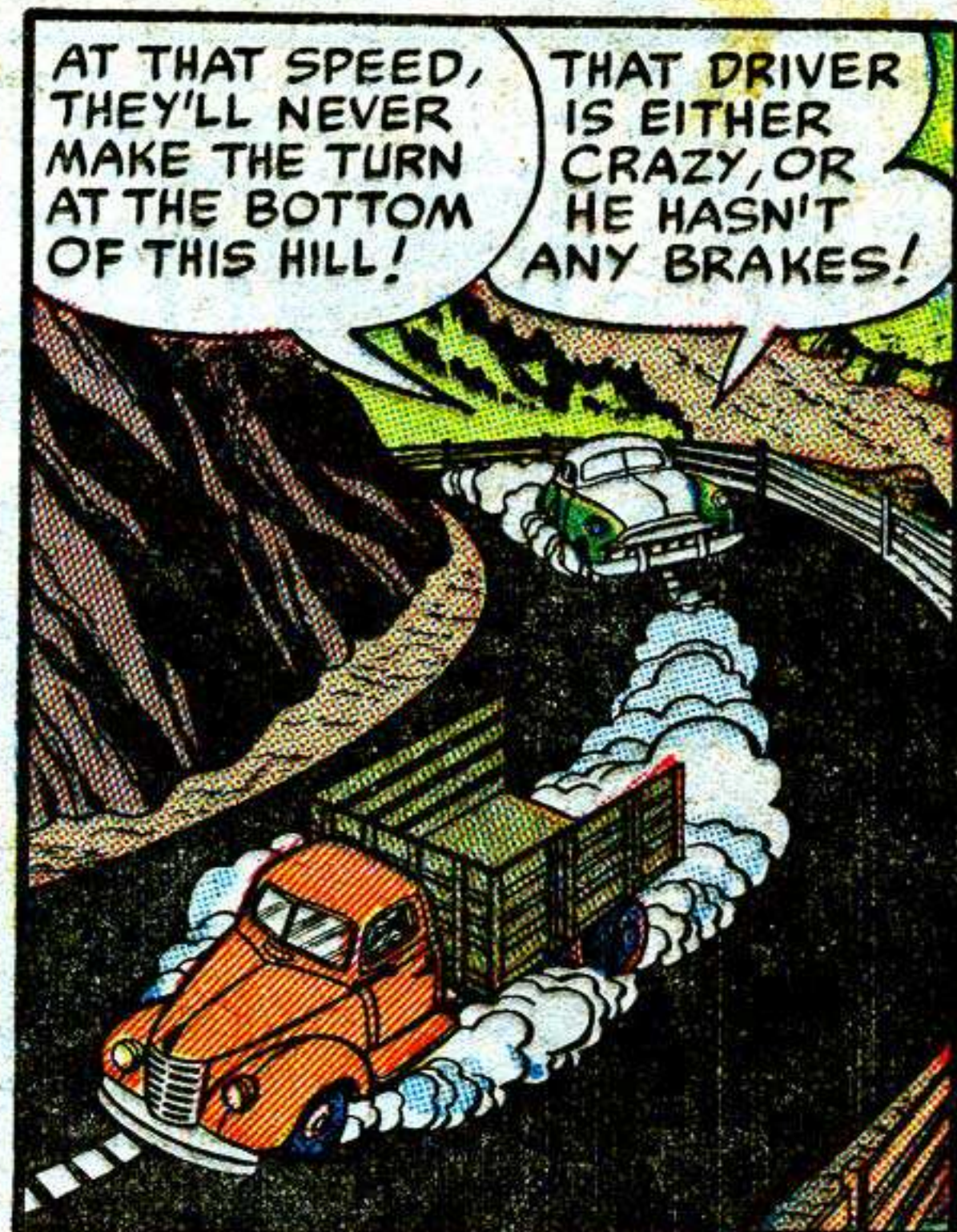
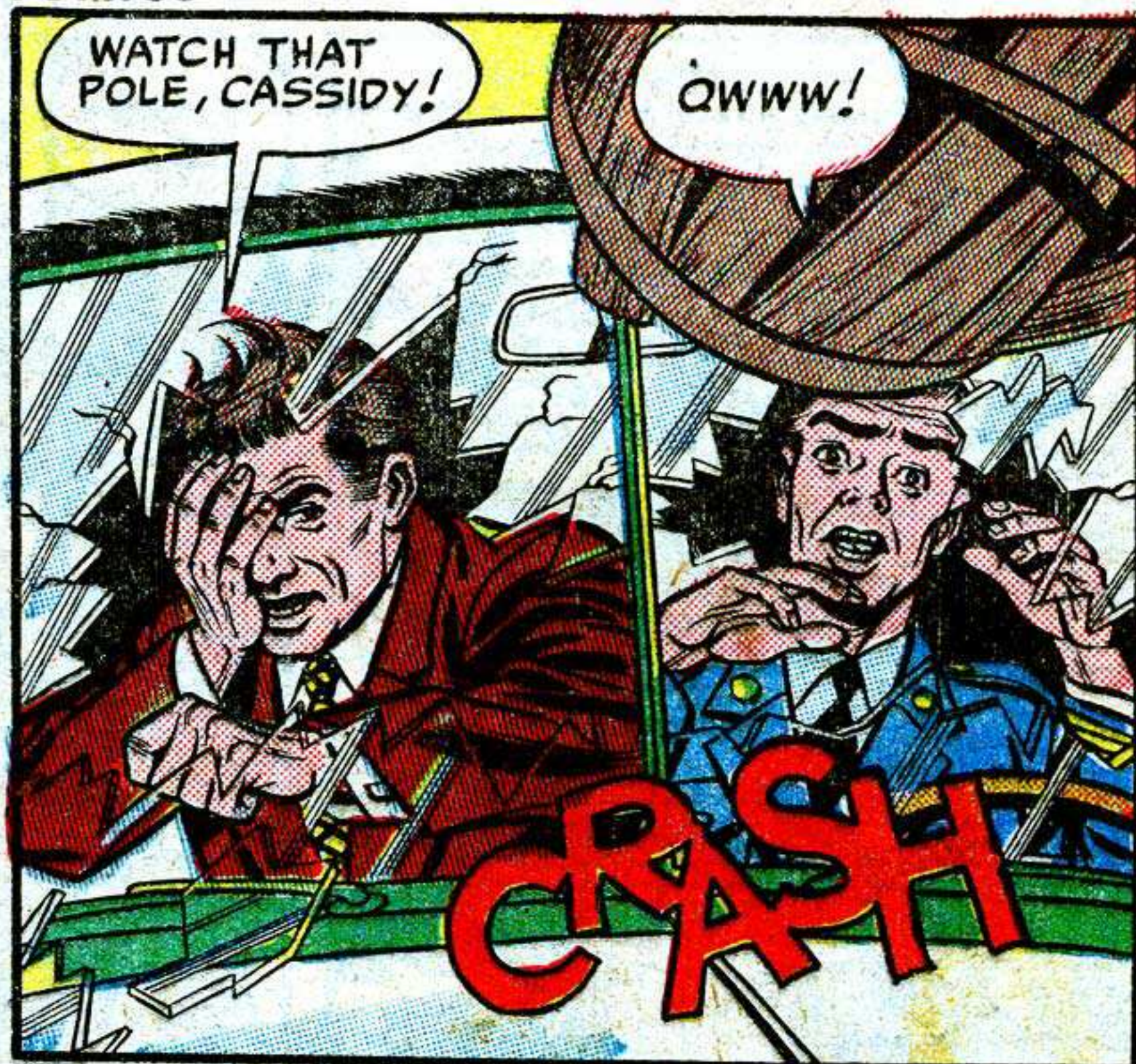
PROBABLY ONLY A BUM HOLING UP HERE! LET'S GET GOING!



# POLICE COMICS



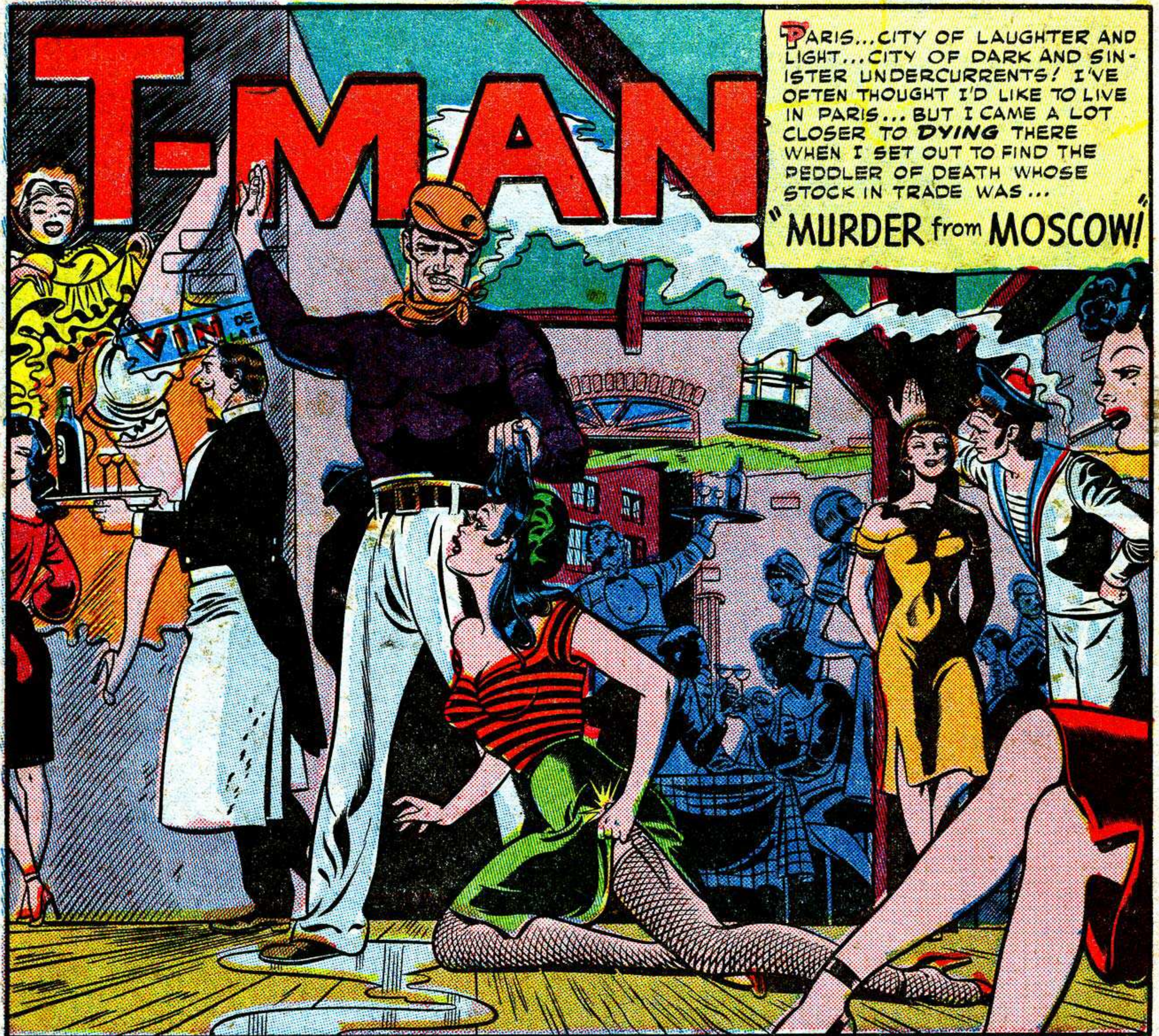












PARIS...CITY OF LAUGHTER AND LIGHT...CITY OF DARK AND SINISTER UNDERCURRENTS! I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO LIVE IN PARIS... BUT I CAME A LOT CLOSER TO DYING THERE WHEN I SET OUT TO FIND THE PEDDLER OF DEATH WHOSE STOCK IN TRADE WAS ...

"MURDER from MOSCOW!"

PARIS IS LIKE ANY OTHER CITY IN ONE RESPECT...IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE YOU CAN USUALLY FIND IT!

PAH! YOU CALL THAT WINE? I'VE SEEN PIGS TURN UP THEIR SNOUTS AT BETTER SWILL!

NOM D'UN NOM!

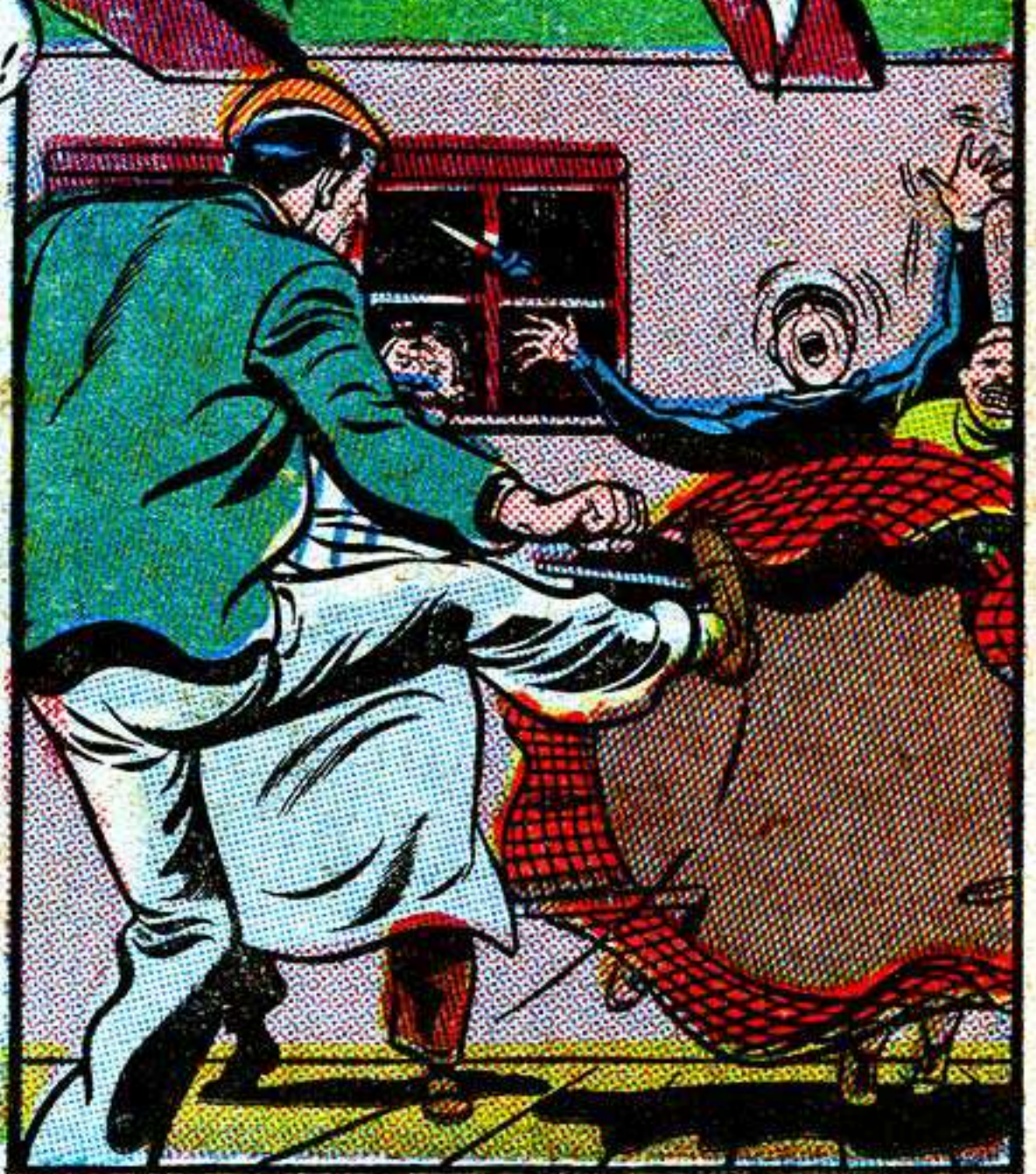
BUT YOU'D BETTER BE SURE YOU WANT IT BEFORE YOU ASK FOR IT AT LE BETE NOIR...THE BLACK BEAST!

COCHON! SCUM! WHEN YOU INSULT MY WINE, YOU INSULT ME!

THAT, MONSIEUR, WAS MY INTENTION!

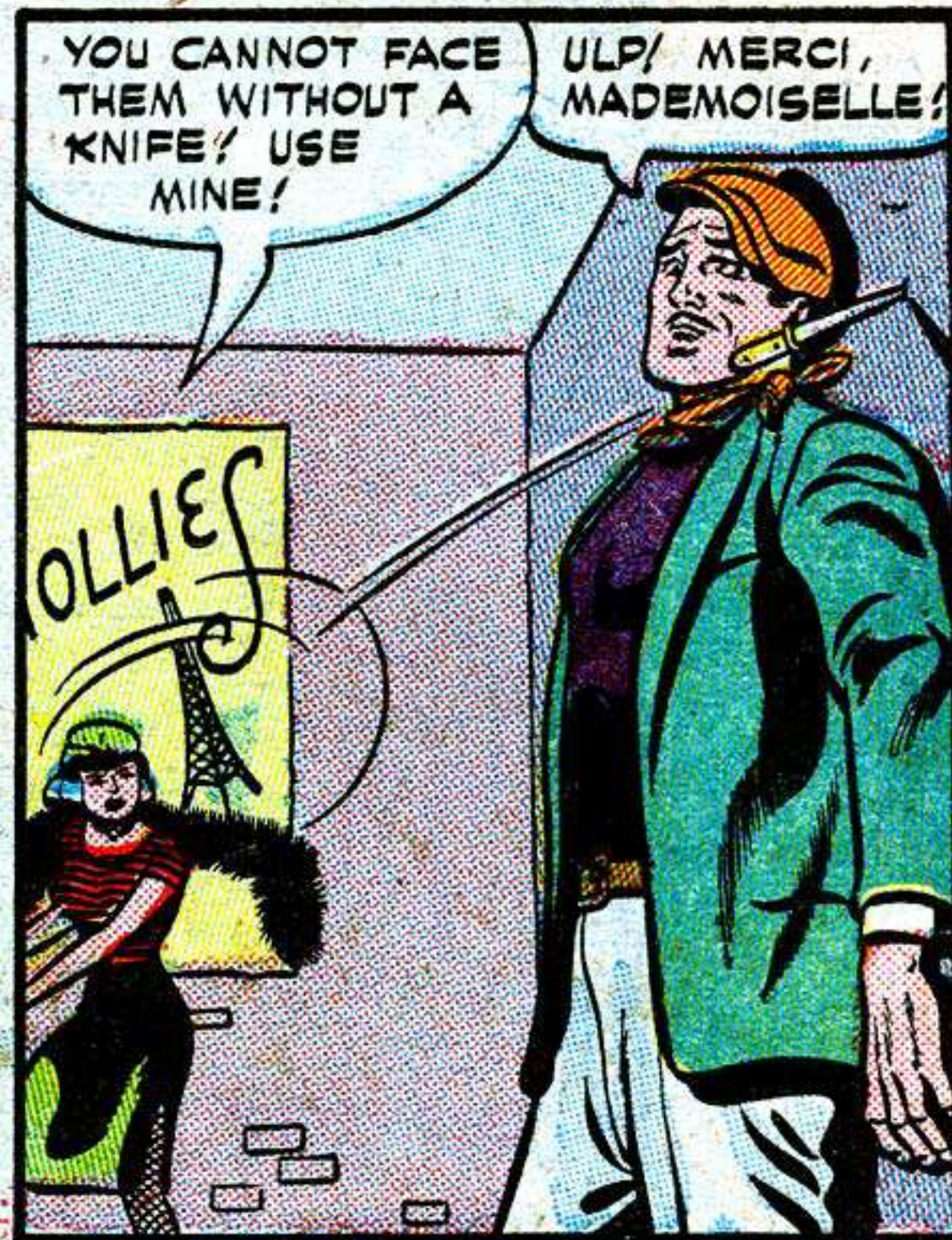
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS!

I WILL CARVE HIS GULLET INTO... OOOFFF!

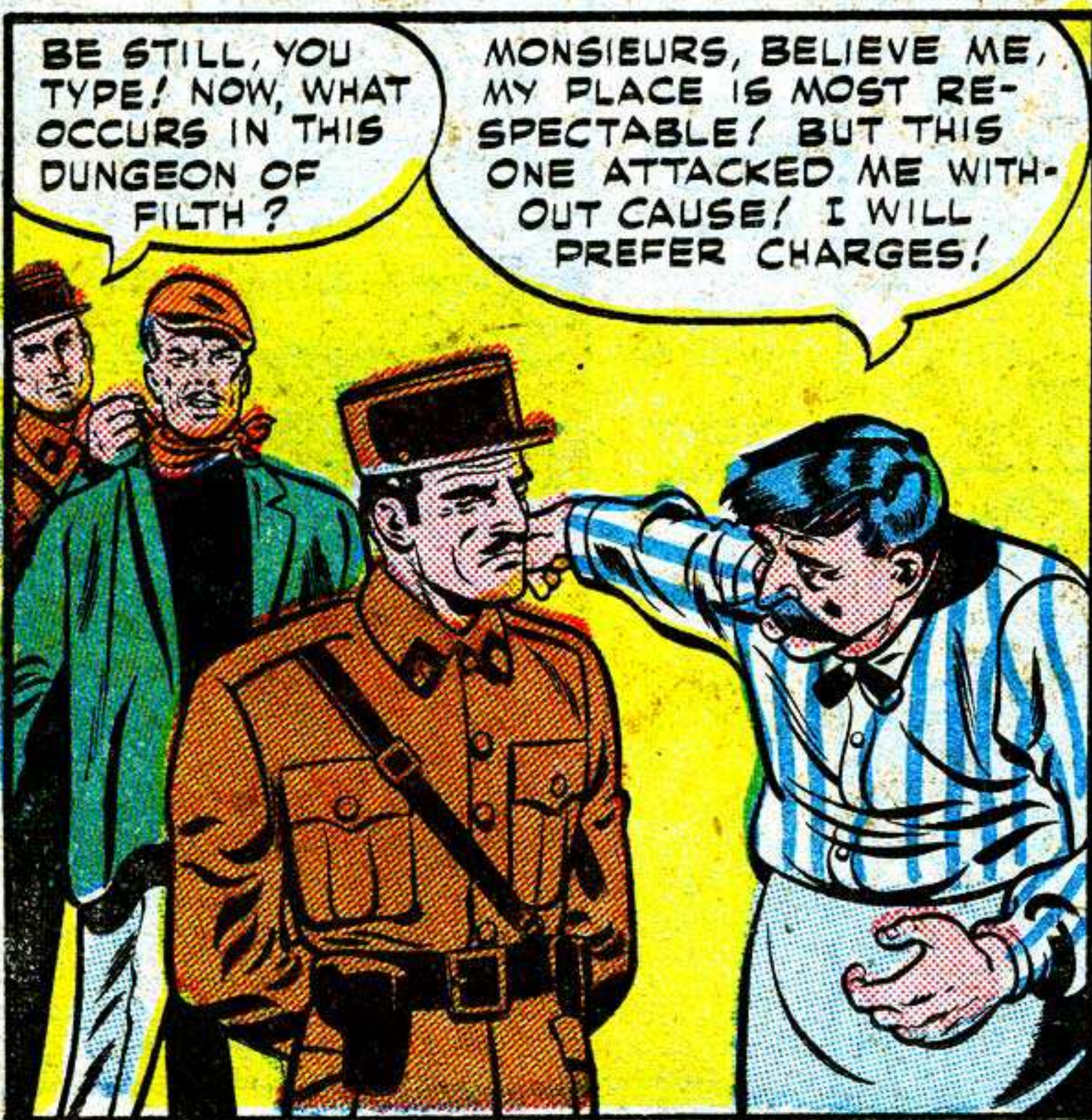




# POLICE COMICS



NOW I WAS REALLY SWEATING! A KNIFE FIGHT WITH PARIS APACHES WAS NO PART OF MY PLAN! THEN I GOT MY BREAK...

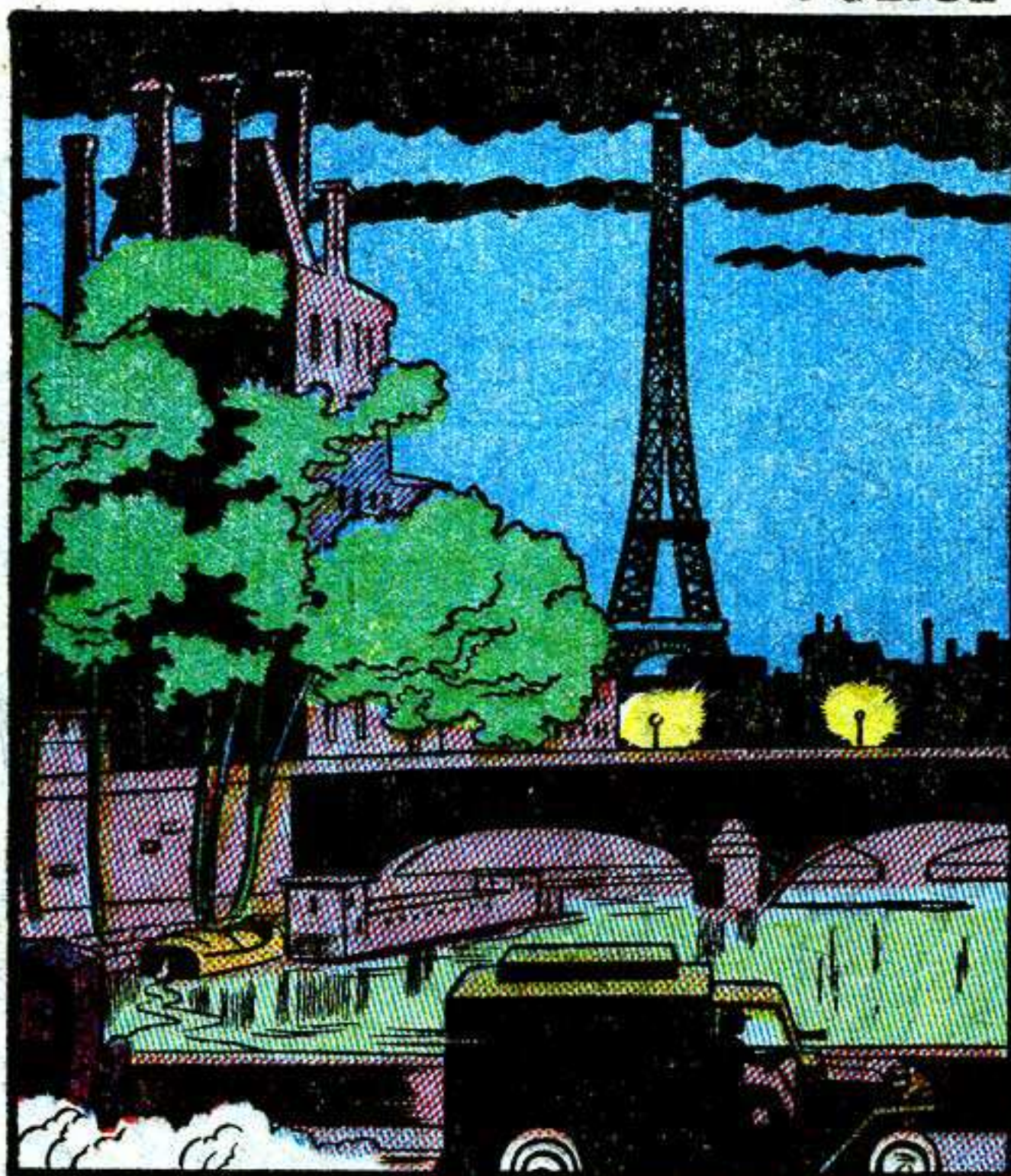


I SNARLED AND CURSED THEM AND EVENTUALLY THEY LET THE PROPRIETOR GO AND HAULED ME AWAY!





I FELT BETTER WHEN WE CROSSED THE SEINE, HEADING TOWARD THE MUSTY OLD PREFECTURE DE POLICE BUILDING!



THE COPS HATED TO LEAVE A BAD EGG LIKE ME ALONE WITH THEIR COMMISSIONER OF POLICE!

BUT MONSIEUR LE COMMISSAIRE, THIS ONE IS THE TOUGH TYPE!

AM I TREMBLING WITH FEAR, IDIOT? GO ALONG! LEAVE US ALONE AND I WILL MAKE HIM TENDER!



THE MOMENT THEY HAD GONE...

MONSIEUR TRASK! YOU HAVE SURVIVED THE GREAT DANGER, MON AMI!

UH...YEAH, SURE! UH... HI, CHIEF! BEEN WAITING LONG?



TWO DAYS! WAS THIS CLOAK-AND-DAGGER STUNT FOR A SECRET MEETING YOUR IDEA?

YEAH, BUT I CAN DO WITHOUT ANY MORE DAGGERS! BUT MOSTLY I NEEDED THE REPUTATION OF BEING NABBED BY THE COPS!



YOUR TIP WAS RIGHT, LANDREAU! THERE IS A COMMUNIST AGENT HERE, RECRUITING UNDERWORLD THUGS TO ASSASSINATE YOUR LEADERS!

MON DIEU! YOU HAVE FOUND THIS ONE? YOU CAN NAME HIM, NON?



NO! BUT I'M BETTING AFTER THE SHOW I PUT ON TONIGHT, HE'LL HUNT ME UP AND OFFER ME A JOB! THAT'S WHAT I'M PLAYING FOR!

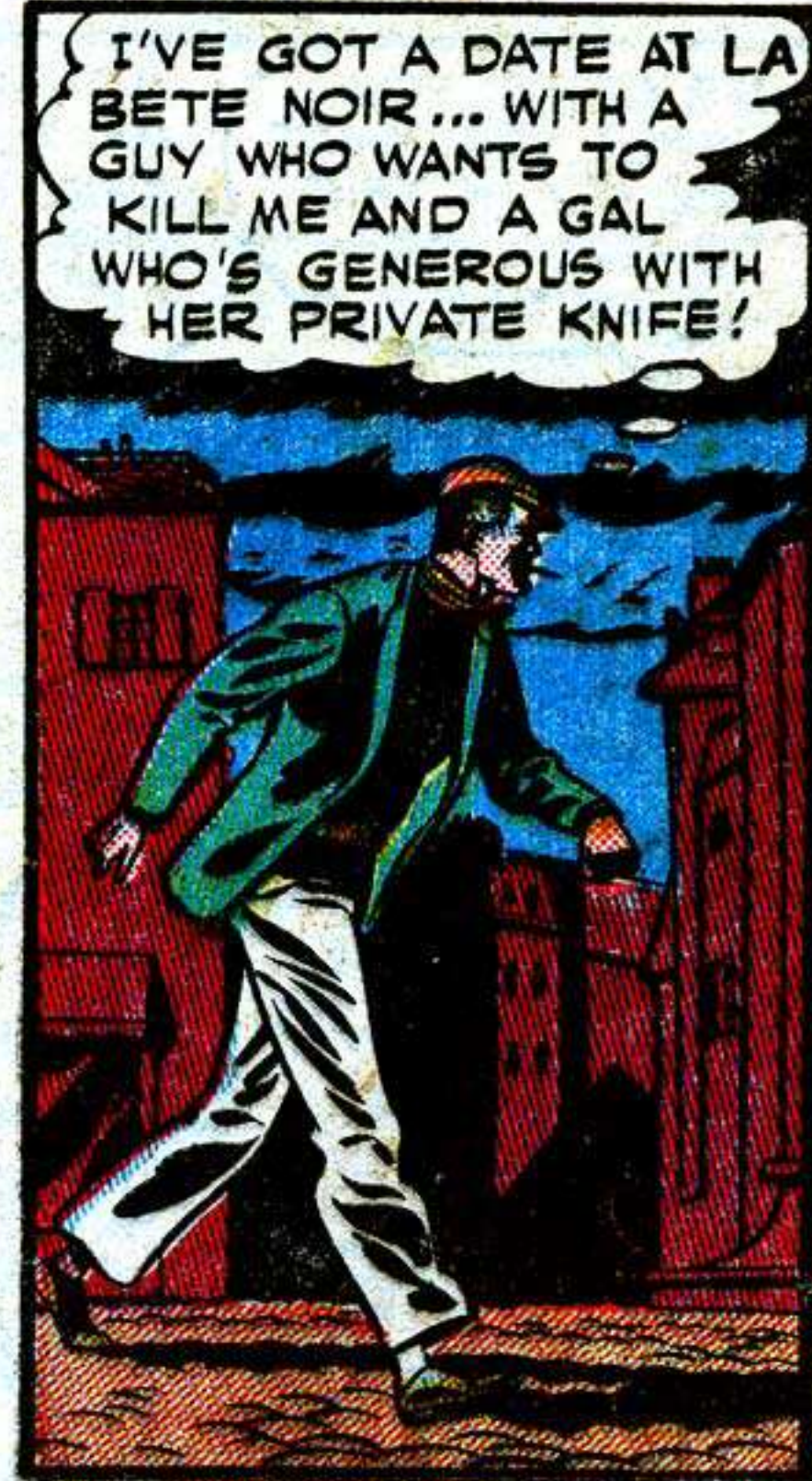
YOU'RE TAKING A BIG RISK, PETE! IF THEY GUESS YOU'RE NOT A REAL PARIS APACHE!

THEN WE'LL HAVE A HASSLE AND SOME - BODY'LL GET AWFUL DEAD! C'EST LA VIE, AS THE FRENCH SAY! IT IS LIFE!

IT'S YOUR NECK, PETE! WE'LL SLIP YOU OUT A BACK DOOR AND ISSUE A COVER STORY ON YOUR ARREST! GOOD LUCK, BOY!

I DIDN'T TELL THE CHIEF WHERE I WAS HEADING! I DIDN'T THINK HE'D LIKE IT...

I'VE GOT A DATE AT LA BETE NOIR... WITH A GUY WHO WANTS TO KILL ME AND A GAL WHO'S GENEROUS WITH HER PRIVATE KNIFE!





# POLICE COMICS

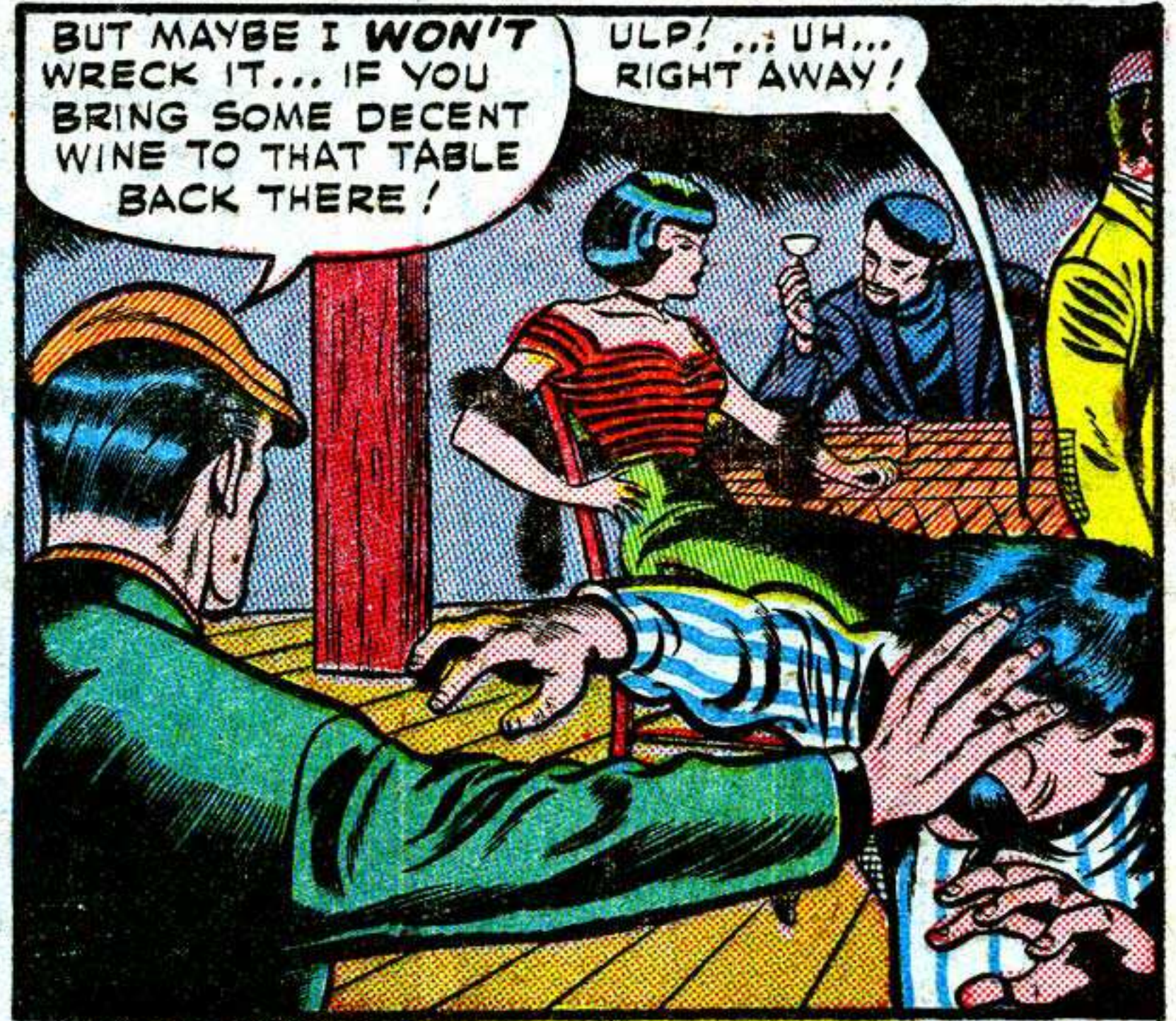
OKAY, SO I HAD A FEW COLD CHILLS AS I TRAMPED BACK DOWN THE DISMAL STAIRS!



GRAWWK!  
YOU!  
NAME OF A  
NAME! THE  
POLICE!

THEY LET ME GO!  
THEY SAID YOUR  
PLACE WAS SUCH  
A DISGRACE THEY'D  
LET ME OFF IF I'D  
COME BACK AND  
REALLY WRECK IT!

AND THEN I SAW WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!



BUT MAYBE I **WON'T**  
WRECK IT... IF YOU  
BRING SOME DECENT  
WINE TO THAT TABLE  
BACK THERE!

ULP! ...UH...  
RIGHT AWAY!



WHO?...OH;  
YOU AGAIN!  
YOU HAVE A  
NERVE, COMING  
BACK HERE!

OF COURSE! BUT  
I HAD TO LEARN  
YOUR NAME...  
AND RETURN THE  
ER...TOOL YOU  
LOANED ME!

THE GIRL'S TOUGH COMPANION WAS  
MUTTERING UGLY THREATS! HE  
LOOKED NASTY ENOUGH TO BACK  
THEM UP!



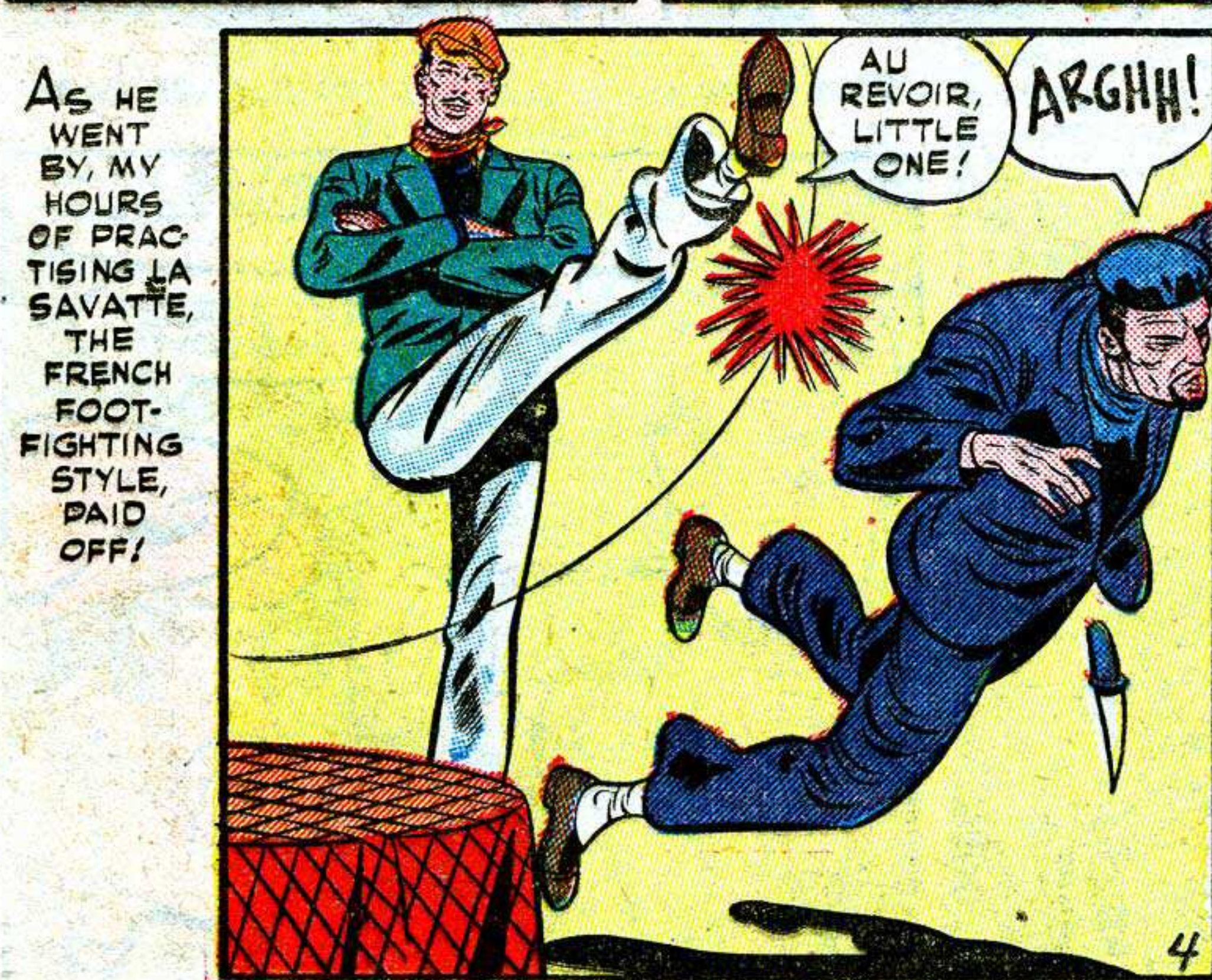
HERE, LITTLE CABBAGE!  
HERE IS TEN FRANCS!  
GO BUY YOURSELF A  
DRINK AND LEAVE  
US ALONE!

WHA...?  
WHY,  
YOU...!



SACRE...!

ZUT!



AS HE  
WENT  
BY, MY  
HOURS  
OF PRAC-  
TISING LA  
SAVATTE,  
THE  
FRENCH  
FOOT-  
FIGHTING  
STYLE,  
PAID  
OFF!

AU  
REVOIR,  
LITTLE  
ONE!

ARGHH!

YOU AREN'T AFRAID  
OF ANYONE, ARE YOU?  
NOW WHERE IS MY  
KNIFE YOU SPOKE  
OF RETURNING?

CLOSER THAN  
YOU THINK...!





# POLICE COMICS



I TOSSED IT UP HERE WHEN THE COPS CAME! THEY COULDN'T FIND IT SO THEY HAD TO LET ME GO!

YOU ARE A COOL ONE! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?



THIS WEEK YOU MAY CALL ME PEPE!

I'M MARIE! COME ALONG AND MEET SOMEONE WHO WILL PAY WELL FOR TALENTS LIKE YOURS, PEPE!



IF THIS IS A TRAP, LITTLE ONE, IT WILL GO HARD WITH SOMEONE!

IT IS NO TRAP! I HAD TO MAKE SURE OF YOU BEFORE I SPOKE OF THE MATTER!

MARIE RAPPED A PECULIAR CODE ON AN UPSTAIRS DOOR! I EASED MY GUN AROUND WHERE I COULD GET AT IT FAST!

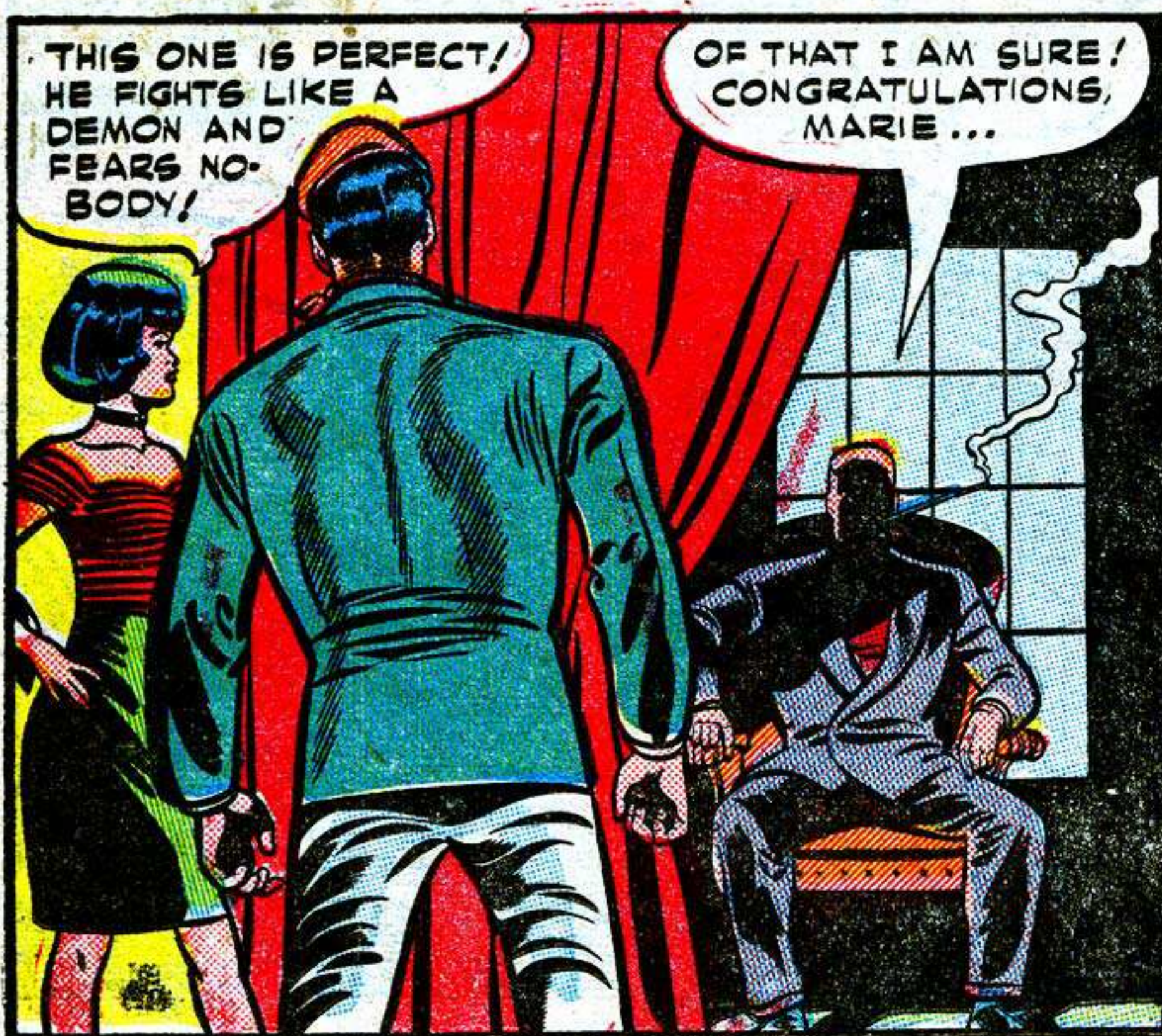


OPEN UP! IT IS MARIE WITH THE ONE YOU HAVE BEEN SEEKING!



IT IS MARIE, WITH ONE PERSON!

BRING THEM INSIDE, FOOLS! DO WE DO BUSINESS IN HALLS?



THIS ONE IS PERFECT! HE FIGHTS LIKE A DEMON AND FEARS NO-BODY!

OF THAT I AM SURE! CONGRATULATIONS, MARIE...



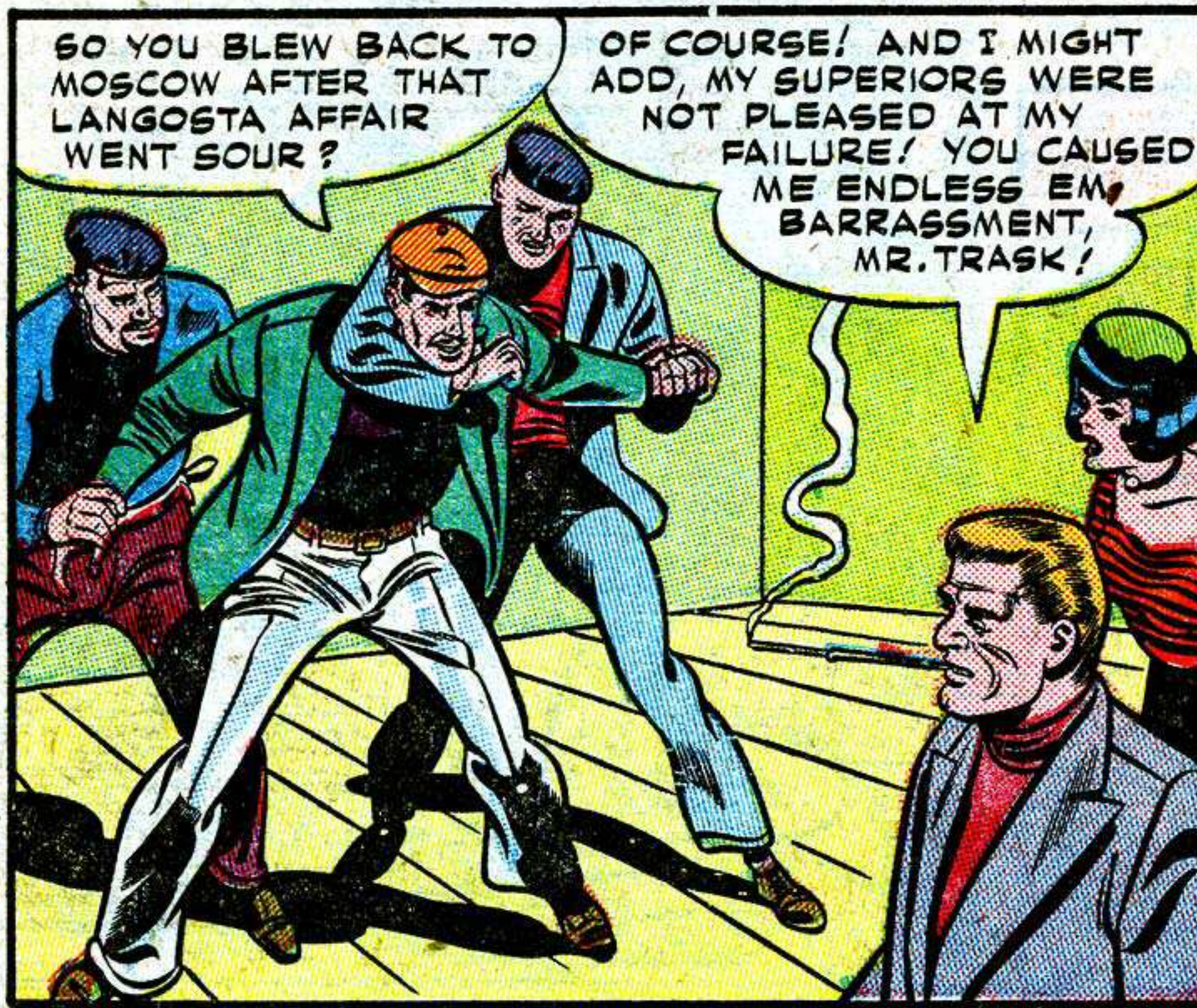
AND THEN MY WHOLE BEAUTIFUL CASE BLEW UP RIGHT IN MY DUMB FACE!

YOU HAVE JUST BROUGHT ME T-MAN PETE TRASK, AN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AGENT!

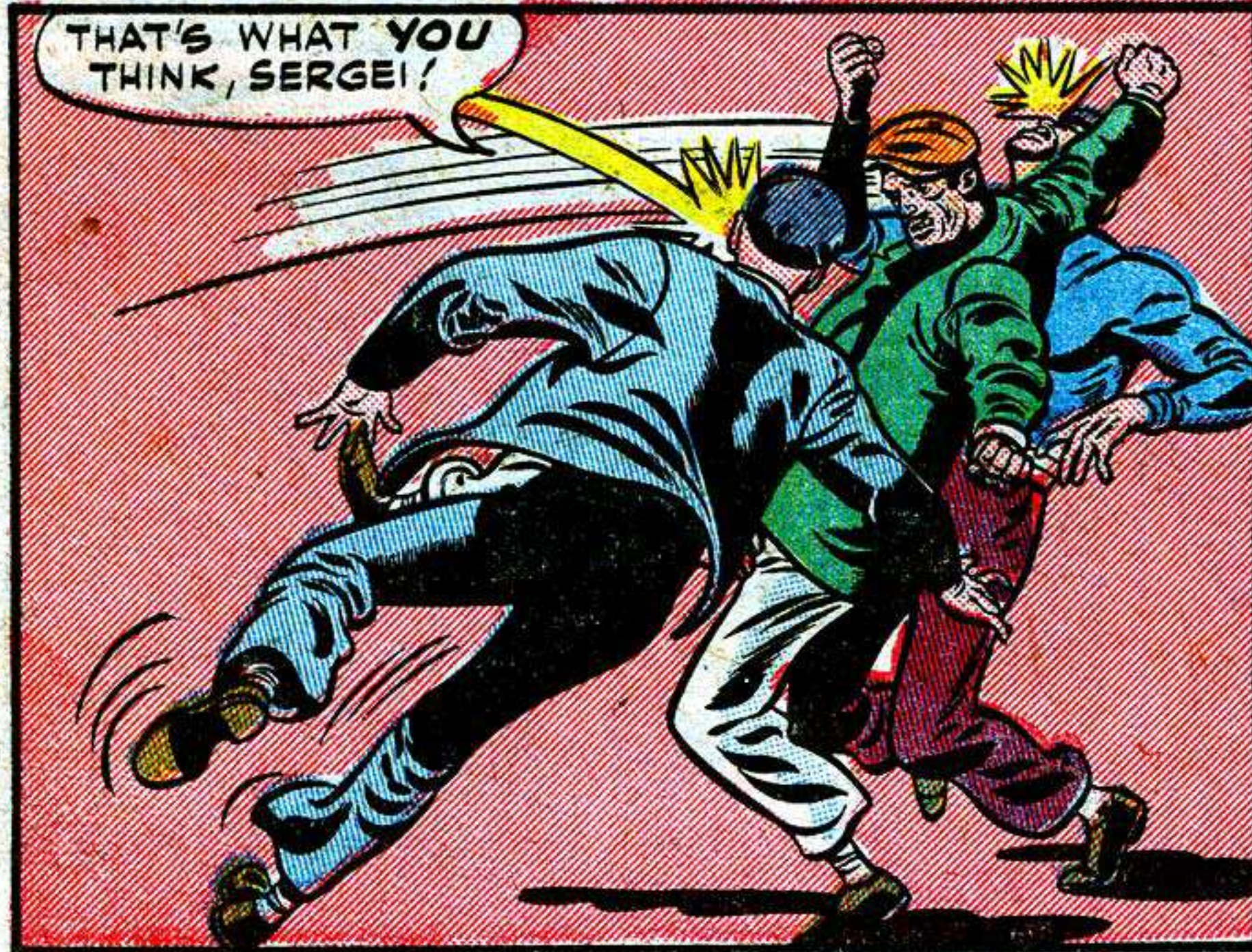
AWRRK! SERGEI RASSILOV!



# POLICE COMICS



WHEN YOU'RE THAT CLOSE TO DEATH, YOU FIGURE YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY TRYING!





# POLICE COMICS

I FIGURED WE COULD ALL PLAY TWENTY QUESTIONS AFTER I'D TAKEN CARE OF SERGEI!



DON'T ASK ME WHERE SHE HID A WHISTLE IN THAT COSTUME... BUT SHE DUG ONE OUT AND BLEW IT AND SUDDENLY WE WERE NECK-DEEP IN COPS!



DAWN WAS BREAKING WHEN WE FINALLY WOUND EVERYTHING UP!



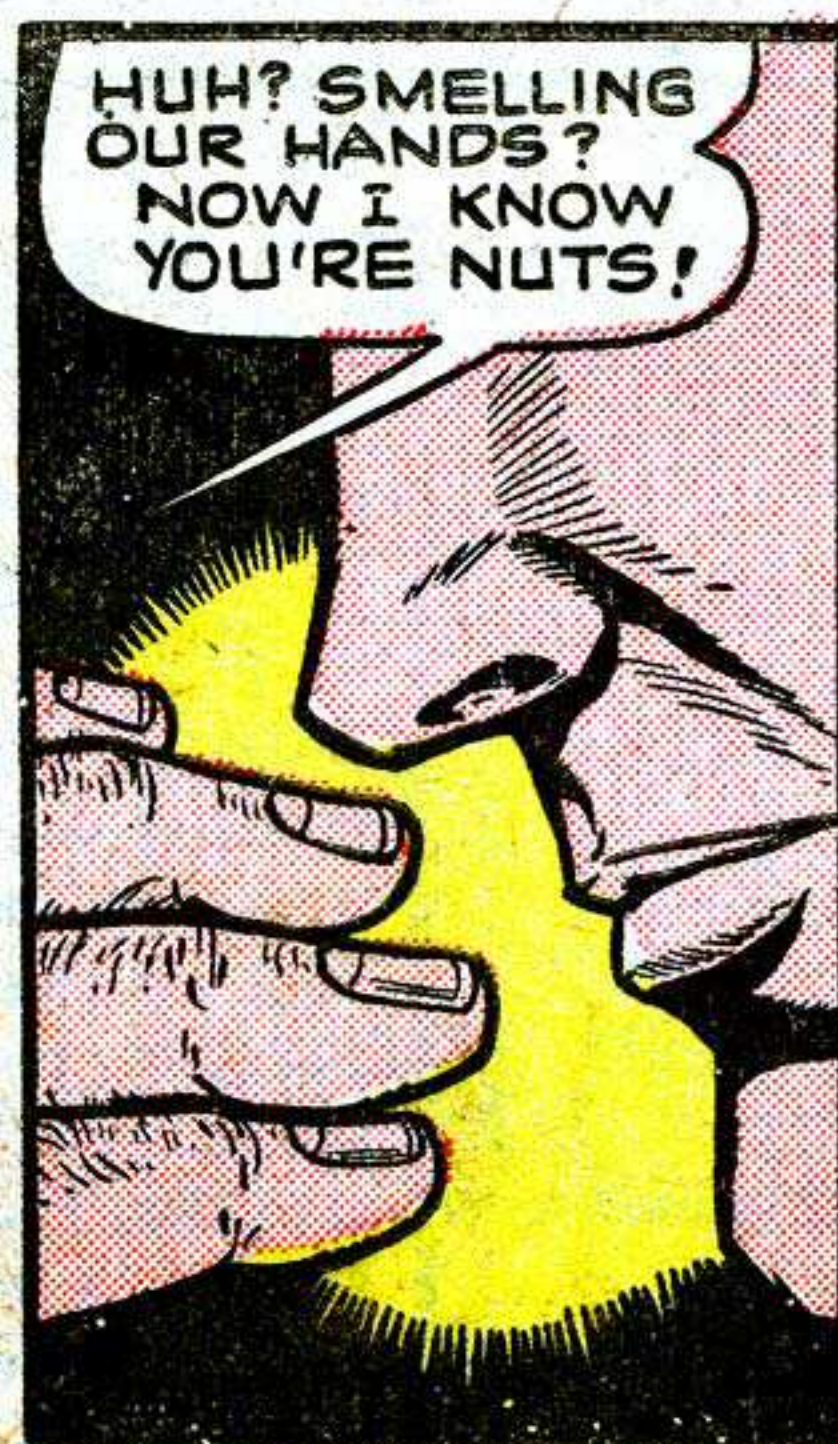
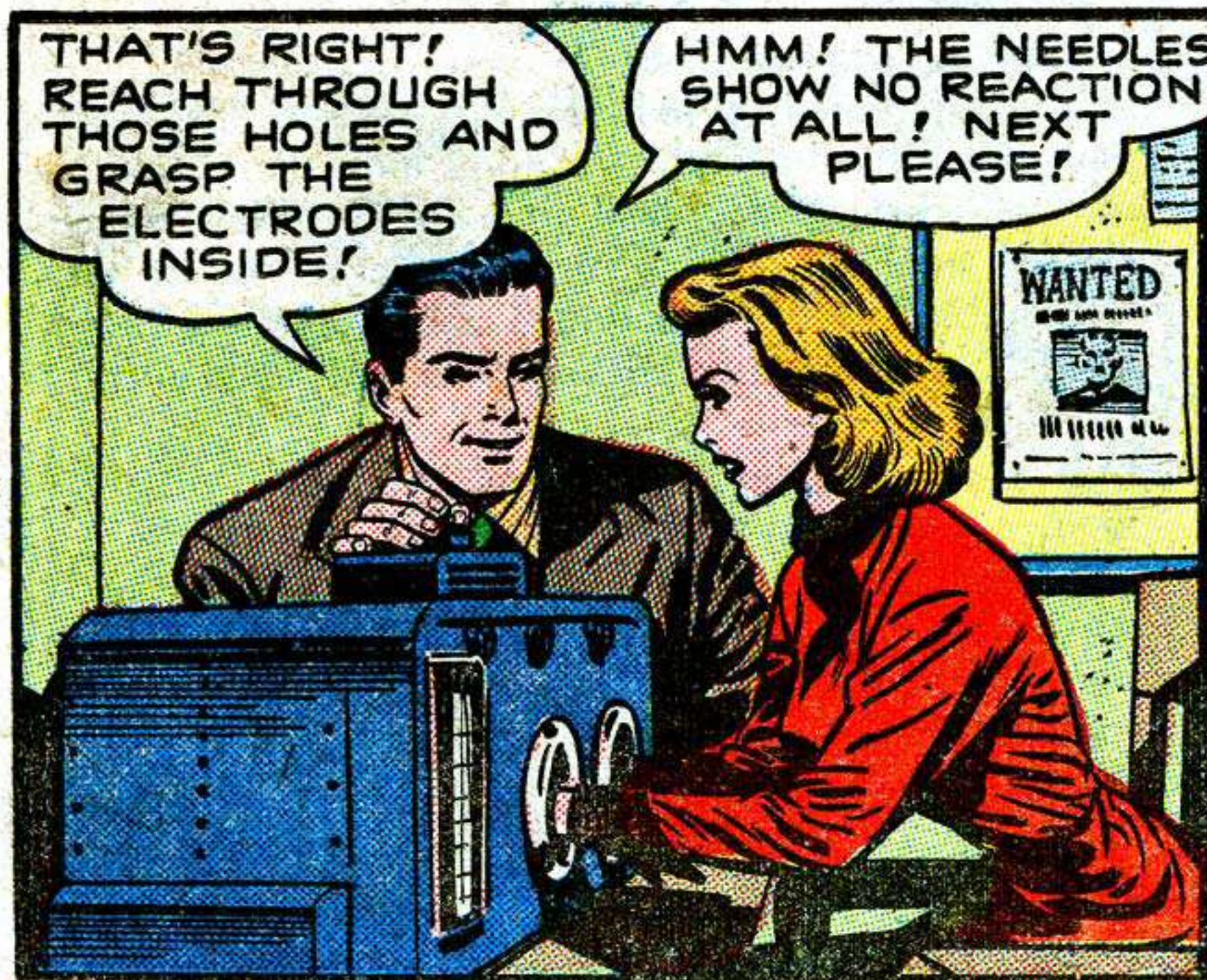
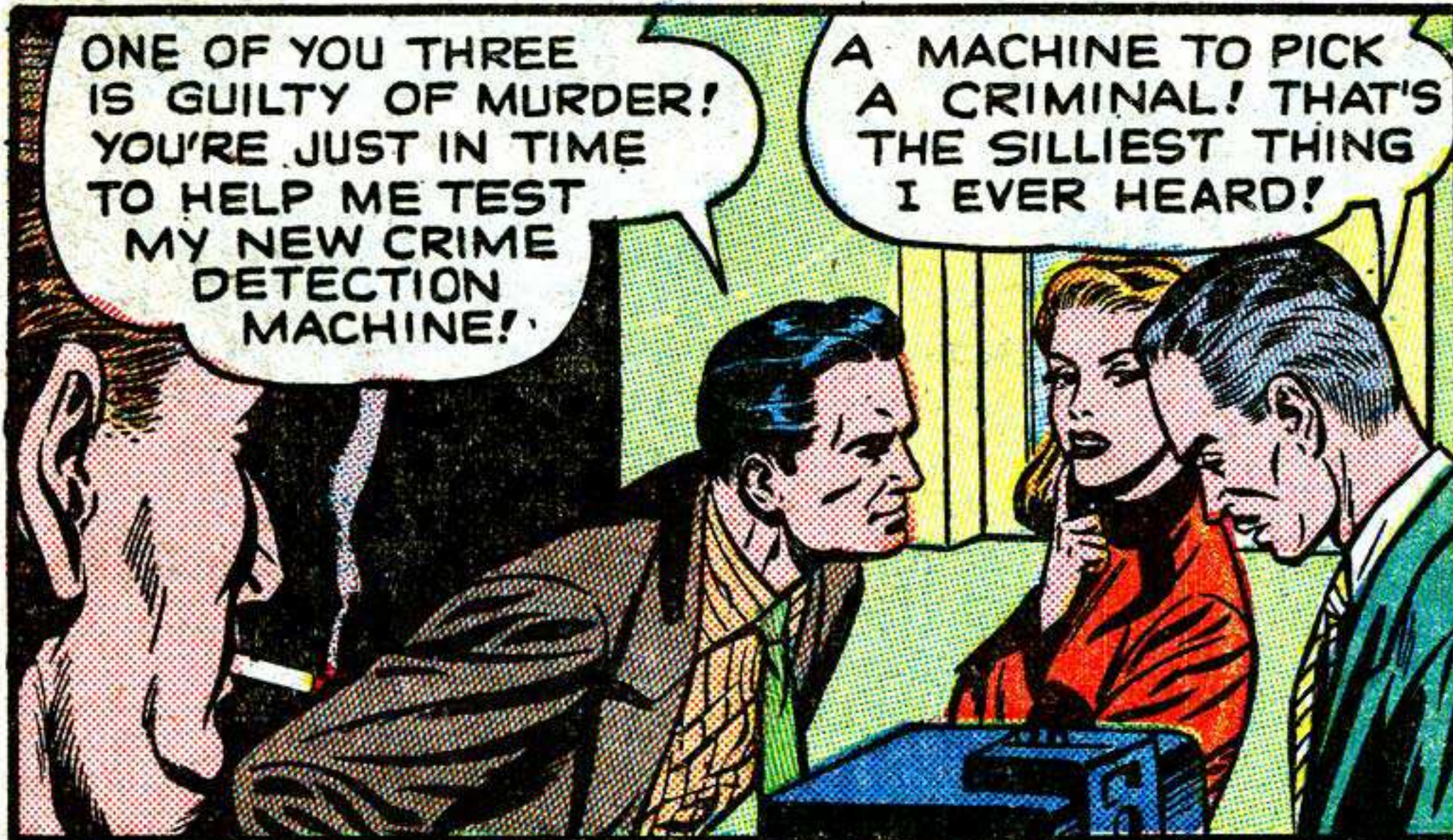
AND YOU MUST GET ACQUAINTED WITH MY SO-WONDERFUL HUSBAND, PIERRE!





# PICT-O-CRIME

DETECTIVE ALAN SYKES INVENTED A MACHINE TO DETECT...  
**"THE SCENT OF MURDER!"**





# THE WISE GUYS

**T**HREE unsavory characters sat together in a cheap rooming house, drinking beer! They were Sandy Dykes, Crusty Larson, and Mickey Malone whose chair was tipped back against the wall as he told the others of his plans!

"We've got the cops spinning on their heels," grinned Mickey. "Stick with me boys, and you'll get rich!"

"You're tops, Mickey," acknowledged Crusty. "We've sure been hitting the mark on every shot! But how much longer can we work this territory?"

"Not too long," answered Mickey, "but I have a plan! We've hit three gas stations in the last three nights! We had 'em figured right! Walked in, took the dough, and no trouble! Now, naturally, the cops are in a sweat and have extra men out! But they won't expect lightning to strike twice in one place! See what I mean?"

At headquarters, Inspector Reams was having a rough go of it! Three robberies in a row in his district had brought the wrath of his superiors down on his head! There was no trace of the bandits! They were filling station specialists but no clue to go on! Just one thing stuck in his mind, that an attendant had quoted one of the bandits as saying, "If anybody asks you who did it, tell 'em *the wise guys*! Too wise for any dumb copper to catch!"

The more Reams thought of that remark, the madder he became! No cheap crook could go around talking like that about the police! But the only way to prove the police smarter than the crooks was to catch them! Reams went to see the Captain!

"I want twenty extra uniformed men for the next two or three nights," he said. "I'm going to have one standing outside every filling station in this precinct!"

"Well, okay, Reams," agreed the Captain. "If you can't catch the crooks, at least you can protect the public! But it doesn't sound like good police work! Are these guys too smart for you?"

Mickey Malone and his two pals went out the next night and cruised around the neighborhood. They were strangers, had no records in the town and felt reasonably secure. They were wise guys, especially Mickey!

"Ya know," scoffed Mickey, "these cops give me a laugh! Short on brains, if ya ask me!"

"I don't get it," muttered Crusty. "There's a cop standing in front of every gas station! Even if you think they won't nab us, it doesn't look like we'll do any business!"

"I agree," grumbled Sandy. "Too much law around here for me!"

"You guys don't have any imagination," grinned Mickey. "You don't notice things, for instance!"

"Whatta ya mean?" retorted Crusty indignantly. "Don't notice things! I notice there's a big cop in

front of every station we planned to hoist! I notice I don't want any part of it with those pistol poppers standing in every front door! I'll leave it all to you, Mickey, since you know so much!"

"Pipe down and start oiling your rods," chuckled Mickey. "We're about ready for business!"

Then Mickey began his explanation! "Like I said, you lugs and the cops have no imagination! They've got a bluecoat in front of every joint we haven't touched but—" and here he grinned broadly, "but none in front of the places we hit before! See? They think lightning never strikes twice in the same place, like I told ya! We're gonna make a collection from the same three places tonight and then we'll scam! Good idea, huh?"

Sandy and Crusty looked at each other with satisfied smiles! "Guess we picked a good guy to go along with after all," said Sandy!

"Right," agreed Crusty!

The car pulled up before a gas station! Two nights ago, the three had taken a good haul there! No cop was in sight! Mickey went ahead of the other two and rushed into the office! "Stick 'em up!" he ordered.

"That's right," commanded a coarse voice behind him! "Stick 'em up and keep 'em up! That goes for the three of you!"

It was Inspector Reams and two other detectives who appeared from the stockroom!

"Nice to see you WISE GUYS," smirked the Inspector! "Like all smart cookies, you outsmarted yourselves! No cops around so you thought you could outwit the police, huh?"

As the three were relieved of their guns and shoved into a police car parked out back, Inspector Reams continued, "We purposely didn't plant men in the three places you'd been before! Wanted you to feel welcome to return! Since you were so sure of yourselves, I thought you'd accept the invitation!"

As they rode to the police station, Crusty and Sandy glowered angrily at Mickey! "Wise guy," groaned Sandy!

"Shut up," snapped Mickey Malone!

## PICT-O-CRIME SOLUTION

"Of course it's a fake," Detective Sykes said quietly. "There's nothing inside but two handles soaked in oil of peppermint! Anyone grasping those handles as I directed would pick up that scent. But you, Ned, were afraid because you knew you were guilty! You stuck your hands inside but *didn't* touch the handles. Only a guilty man would be afraid to risk a test." Ned Bates broke down and confessed to the murder.

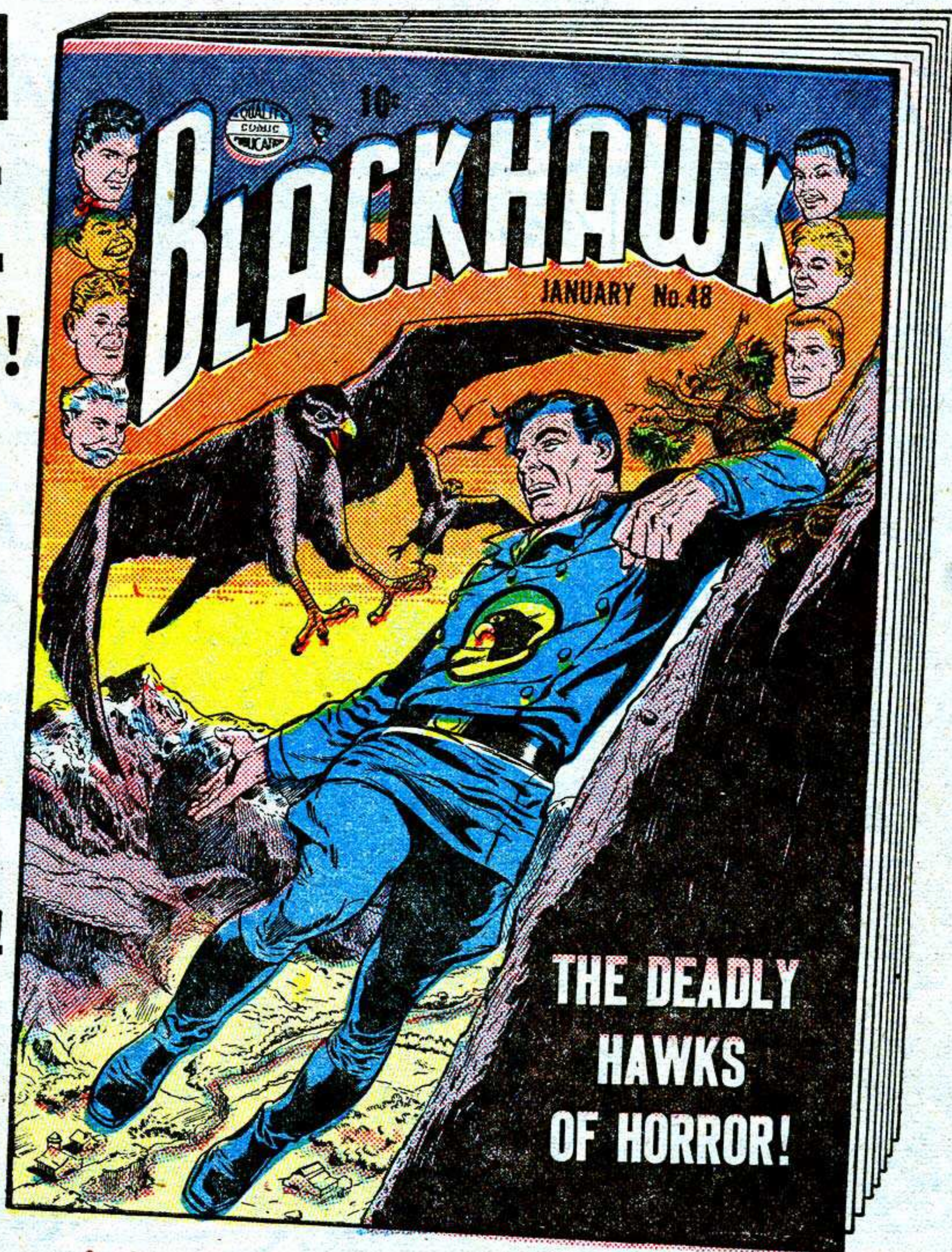


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**THE MIGHTIEST ADVENTURES  
WITH THE GREATEST HEROES OF THEM ALL...**

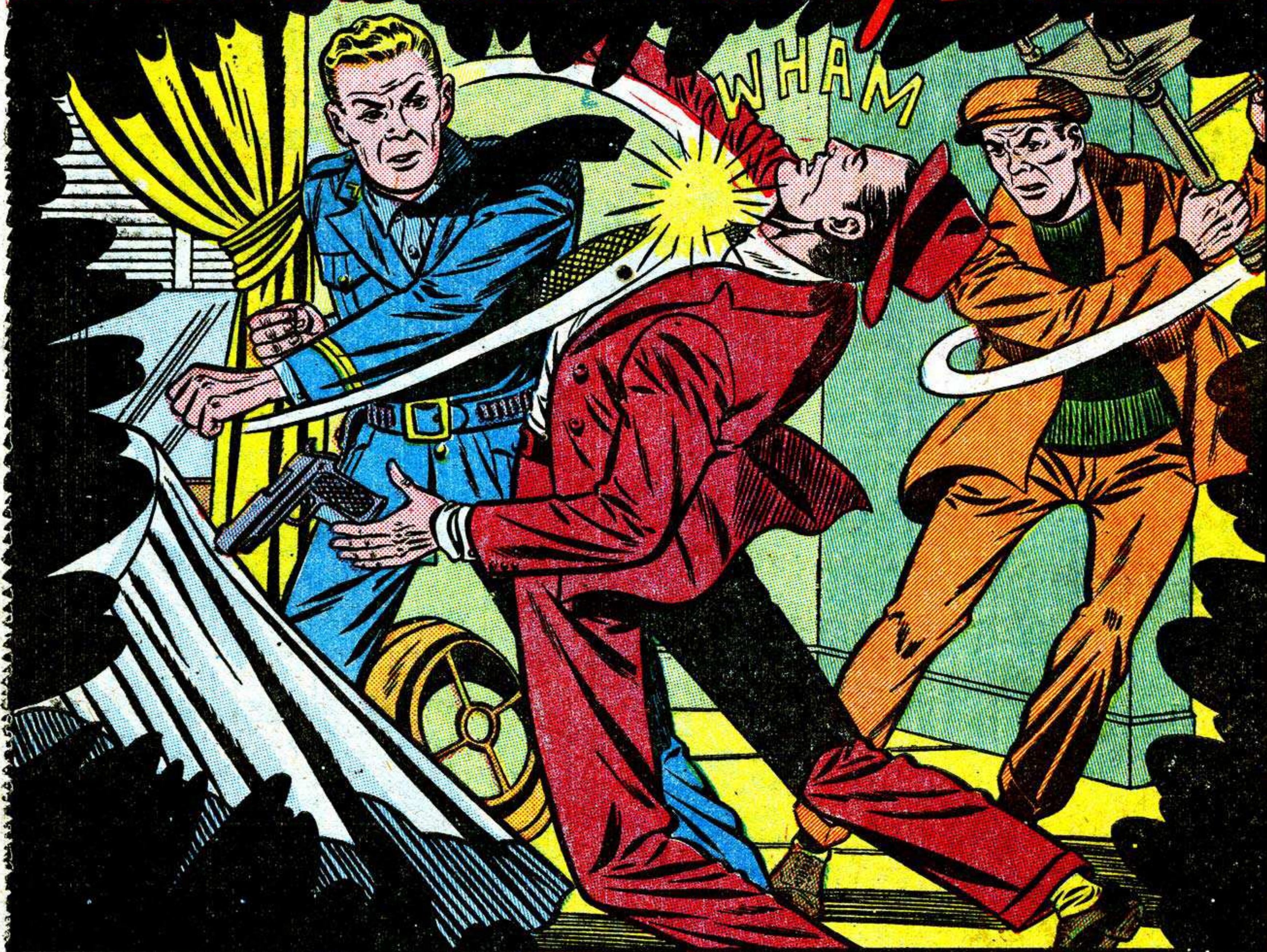
*The*  
**BLACKHAWKS**



# POLICE COMICS

DANGER AND VIOLENCE AND THE PROMISE OF DEATH ARE PART OF THE DAILY FARE OF EVERY POLICEMAN! PATROLMAN MICHAEL CZERNAK FACED THESE HAZARDS WITH THE COOL COURAGE OF HIS BREED! BUT HOW COULD ANY HUMAN BEING FACE THE TERRIBLE DECISION THAT WAS HIS TO MAKE BECAUSE HE HAD STUMBLED UPON.....

## The Matchbook of DOOM



MICHAEL CZERNAK AND HIS SISTER, ANNA, WERE ORPHANS IN A SMALL CENTRAL EUROPEAN COUNTRY...

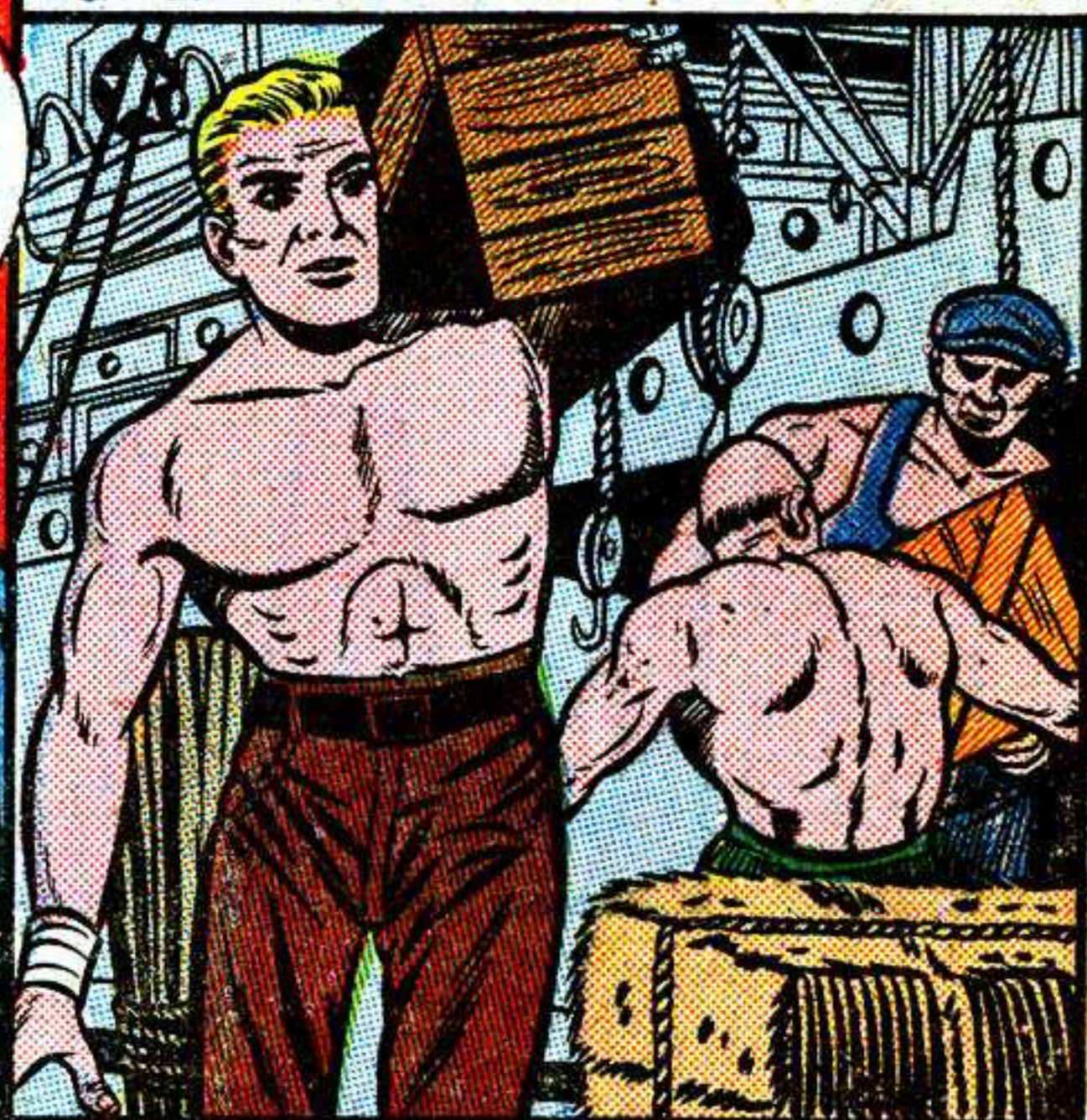
ANNA, THERE IS NOTHING FOR US HERE! I AM GOING TO AMERICA WHERE A MAN CAN BUILD A FUTURE!

TO AMERICA? BUT THAT IS FAR ACROSS THE OCEAN. WE HAVE NO MONEY FOR PASSAGE!

I WILL WORK MY WAY! AND WHEN I HAVE SAVED ENOUGH MONEY, I WILL SEND YOU A TICKET!

IT IS BEST, MICHAEL! I WILL WAIT AND MISS YOU, BUT THERE IS NO FUTURE HERE!

SO YOUNG MIKE CZERNAK CAME TO AMERICA! HE WAS STRONG AND CHEERFUL AND A WILLING WORKER!





# POLICE COMICS

HE LIVED FOR ONLY ONE THING...  
TO BRING ANNA TO THIS LAND OF  
WONDER AND FREEDOM!

YOU NEVER  
MISS A PAY-  
DAY, DO  
YOU, MIKE?

NEXT WEEK I  
WILL HAVE ENOUGH  
TO SEND FOR MY  
SISTER, ANNA!  
THAT IS WHY I SAVE  
SO MUCH EACH  
TIME!

BUT BEFORE THAT NEXT  
PAYDAY...

NO! MY COUNTRY... MY  
VILLAGE! WHAT OF ANNA,  
THERE ALONE?

LIKE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS, MIKE FRAN-  
TICALLY SOUGHT NEWS...

BUT SURELY  
SOMEBODY  
MUST KNOW  
WHAT BECAME  
OF ANNA!

I'M SORRY, SON, BUT THE  
NAZIS WON'T RELEASE ANY  
INFORMATION AT ALL!  
WE'LL KEEP TRYING TO  
LOCATE HER, BUT IT'S  
PRETTY HOPELESS!



THEN SUDDENLY THE WAR WAS NO LONGER  
REMOTE...

IF THEY WILL SEND ME TO EUROPE,  
I WILL FIND ANNA, SOMEHOW!



BUT  
INSTEAD,  
MARINE  
MIKE  
CZERNAK  
WAS SENT  
TO  
THE  
SOUTH  
PACIFIC!  
HE  
WAS  
WOUNDED  
AT  
BLOODY  
TARAWA...



AT WAR'S END HE CAME HOME, A HERO,  
TO RESUME THE FUTILE SEARCH FOR NEWS!

SHE WAS SENT TO A CONCENTRATION  
CAMP AND THAT'S THE LAST WE  
HEARD, SON! NOW THE REDS CONTROL  
THE COUNTRY BEHIND A TIGHT IRON  
CURTAIN!



MIKE  
HAD  
ONE  
BUDDY  
FROM  
HIS  
MARINE  
DAYS  
A  
TOUGH  
LITTLE  
IRISH  
MICK  
NAMED  
DANNY  
O'FLYNN!

LOOK, MIKE, I'M TAKING  
THE POLICE EXAMS  
MONDAY! WHY DON'T  
YOU COME ALONG AND  
TRY FOR THE FORCE  
WITH ME?

ALL RIGHT, DANNY! IT  
DOESN'T MUCH  
MATTER WHAT I DO  
NOW! THERE IS  
NOTHING TO HOPE  
FOR, WITH ANNA  
LOST!



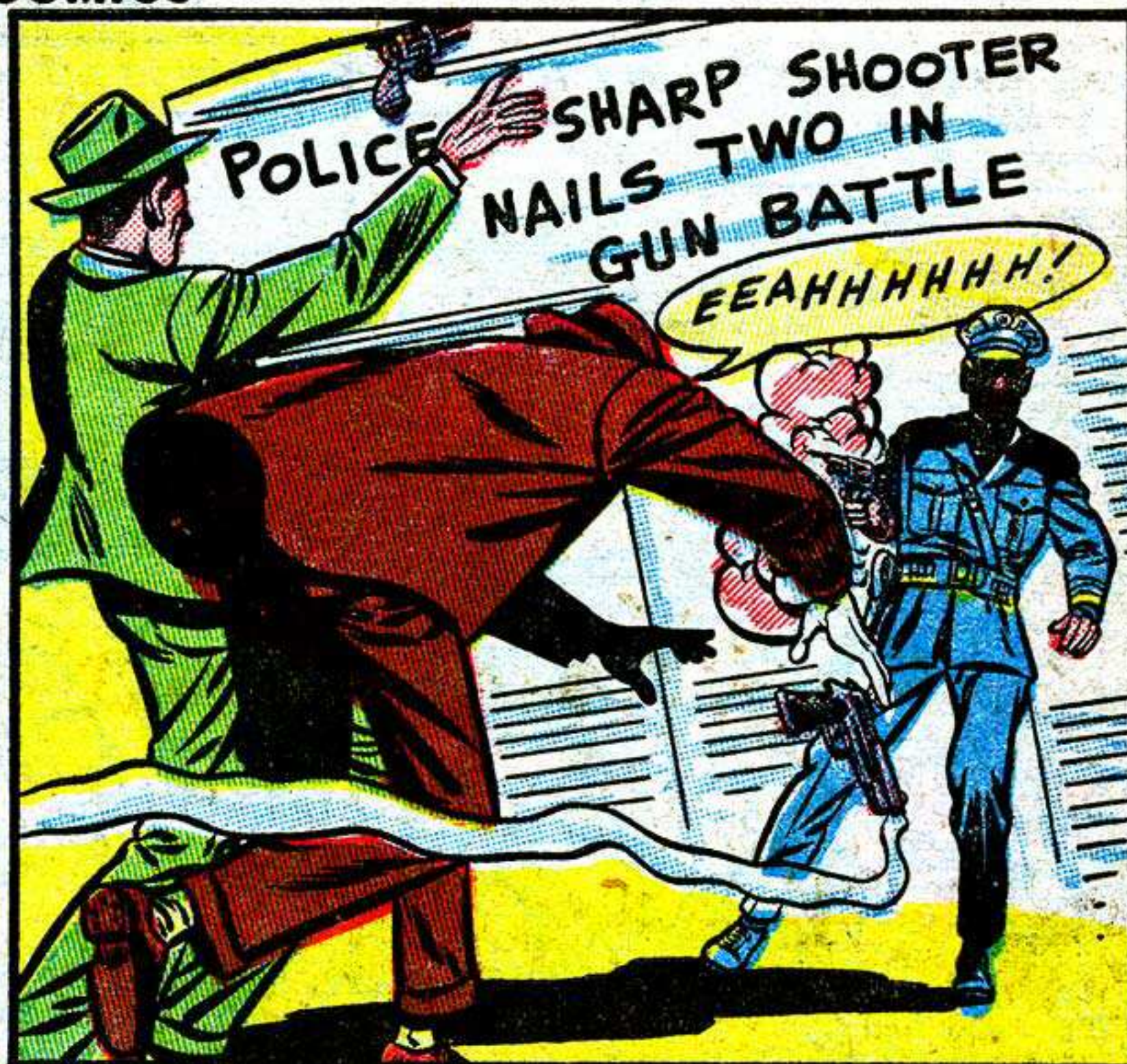


# POLICE COMICS

HE PASSED WITH FLYING COLORS...



IN THE FALL OF 1948, MIKE CZERNAK MADE HIS FIRST HEADLINES WHEN HE BROKE UP A BANK ROBBERY RING!



THAT WINTER HE BROUGHT IN DUTCH KASE, THE ESCAPED KILLER...



MEANWHILE MIKE HAUNTED THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY, STILL SEEKING SOME WORD OF THE MISSING ANNA!



EARLY IN 1950 MIKE CZERNAK WAS TRANSFERRED TO A NEW BEAT!



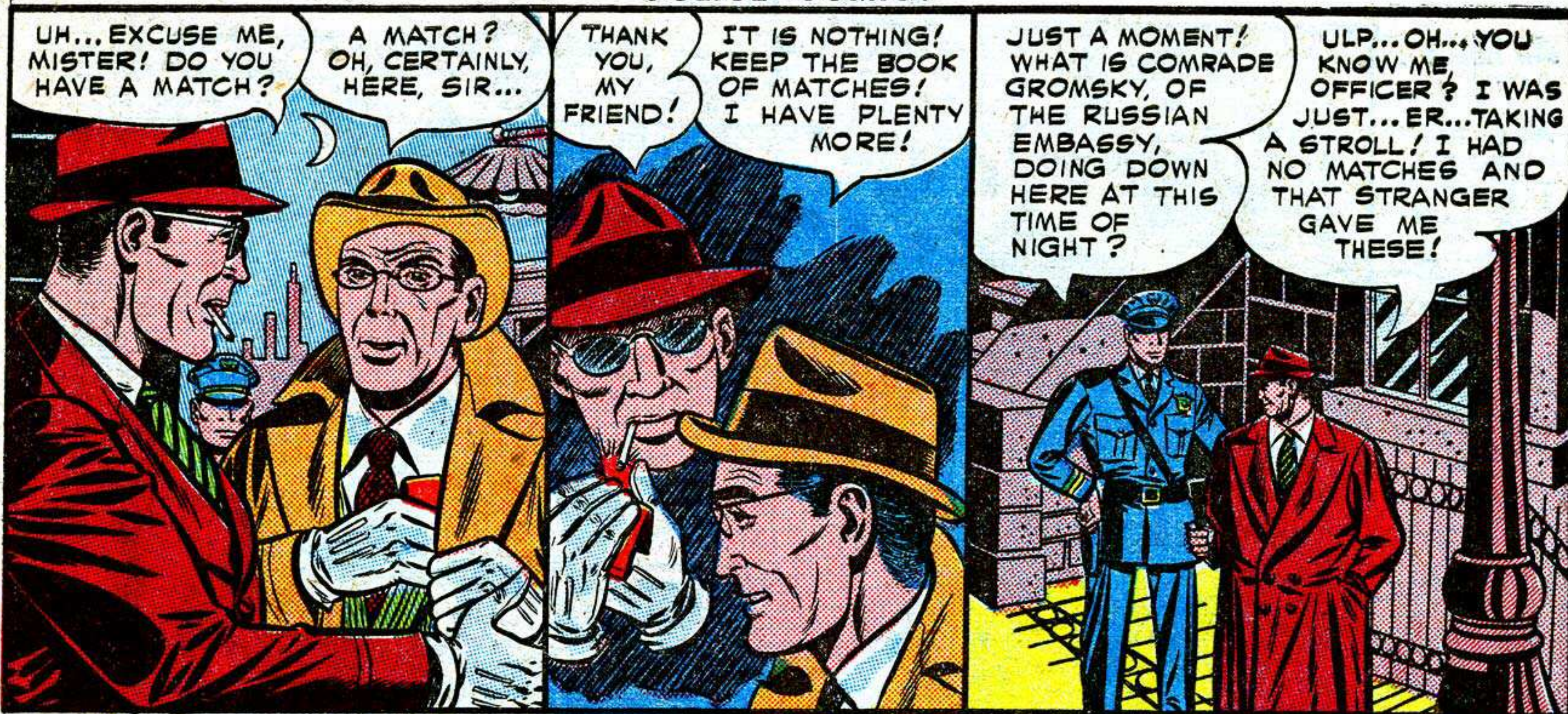
I'LL WATCH IT! AND AFTER THE RUN-AROUND THEY'VE GIVEN ME ABOUT ANNA... I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME DIRTY RED TRY TO GET NEAR!



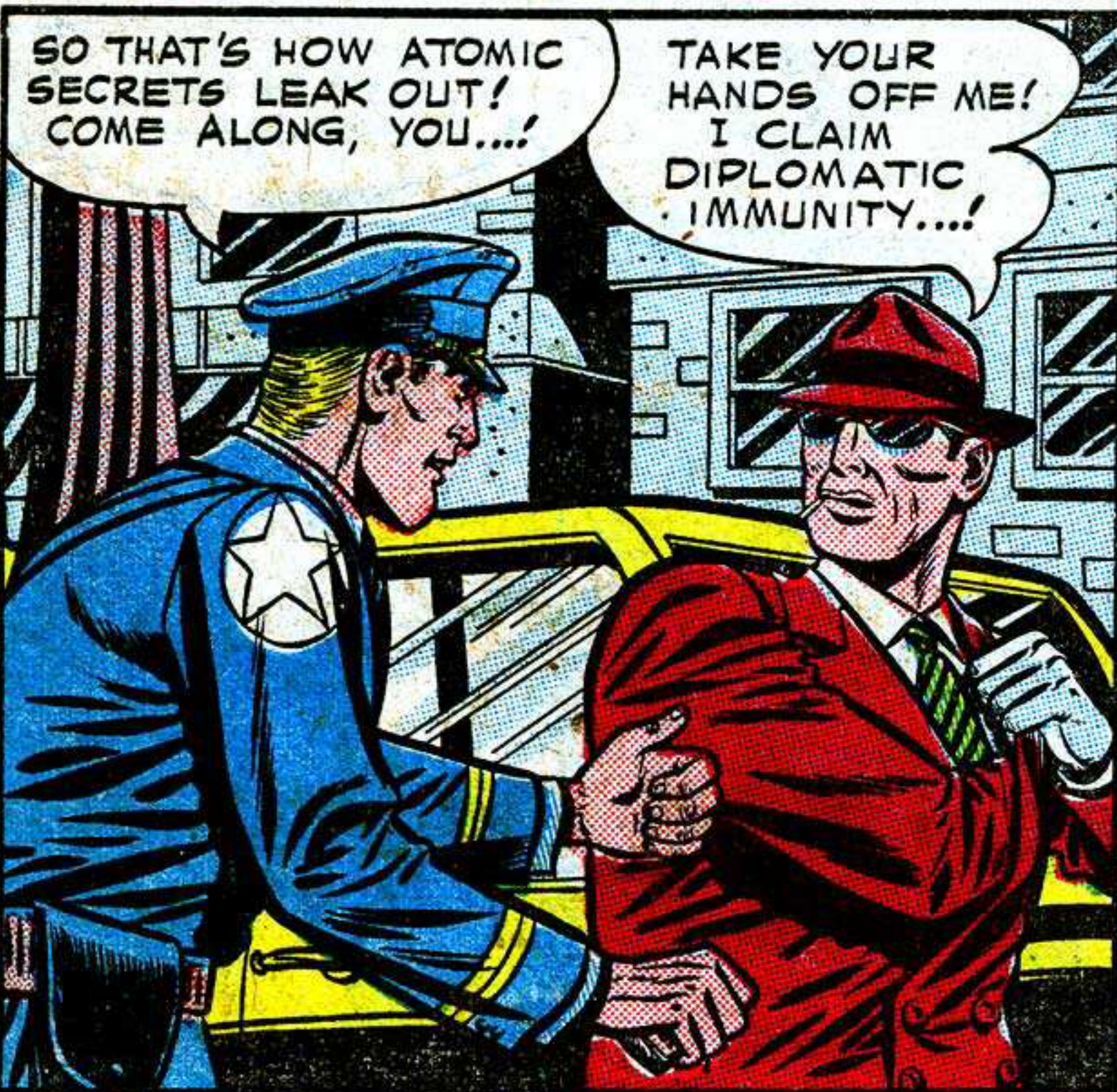
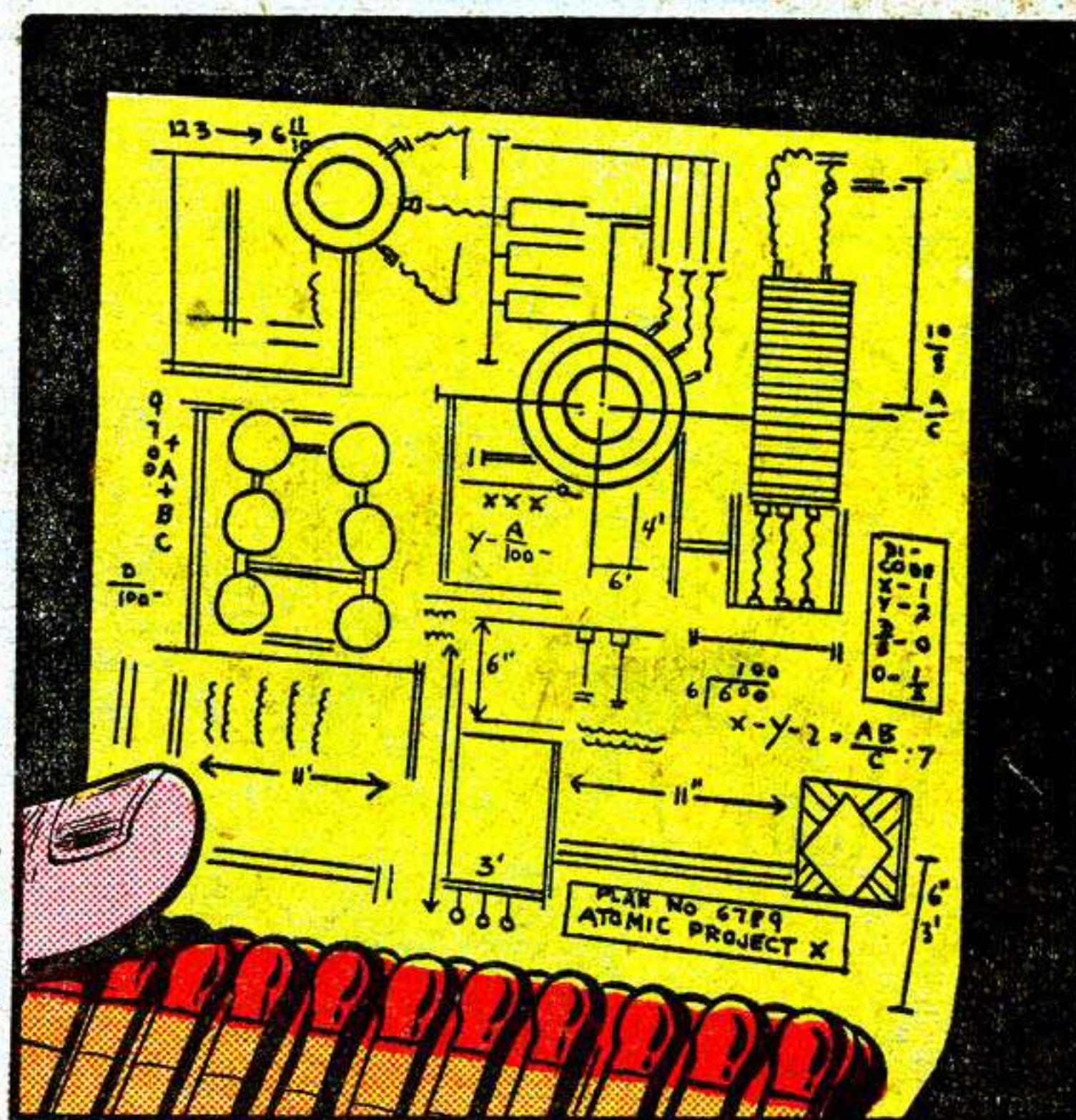
THEN, ONE NIGHT...







EVEN BEFORE HE LOOKED INSIDE THE INNOCENT MATCH PACKET, MIKE CZERNAK HAD A STRONG IDEA OF WHAT HE WOULD DISCOVER...





# POLICE COMICS

AN HOUR LATER F.B.I. AGENTS WERE ON THE JOB! GROMSKY AND PROFESSOR DORNE WERE IN CUSTODY, SCREAMING THEIR HEADS OFF!

GREAT WORK, CZERNAK! BUT YOUR EYE-WITNESS EVIDENCE WILL BE NECESSARY TO MAKE THE SPY CHARGE STICK!

DON'T WORRY! I SAW IT AND I'LL TELL IT! AND I HOPE THE RATS BOTH HANG!

MIKE WENT HOME, FEELING A COMFORTABLE PLEASURE AT HAVING SPIKED ONE SMALL PHASE OF THE RED MENACE! BUT AS HE WALKED IN...

GOOD EVENING, COMRADE CZERNAK!

WHA...? WHO ARE YOU? WHO LET YOU IN MY APARTMENT?

I AM COMMISSAR SADICH! WE RECEIVED NEWS OF YOUR MISSING SISTER AND I CAME MYSELF TO SEE THE JOY ON YOUR FACE!

ANNA, YOU HAVE NEWS OF ANNA? TELL ME, QUICK!

YOUR ANNA IS IN A WORK CAMP! POOR DELUDED GIRL! SHE BROKE THE LAW BY OWNING A RADIO AND LISTENING TO FILTHY WESTERN PROPAGANDA!

WORK CAMP? BUT THAT IS A PRISON! ANNA IS NO CRIMINAL!

SHE MUST SERVE TEN MORE YEARS.. UNLESS YOU COOPERATE! IF YOU REFUSE TO IDENTIFY COMRADE GROMSKY AND PROFESSOR DORNE...

SO THAT'S IT! IF I LET YOUR DIRTY SPIES GO FREE, YOU WILL TRADE ME ANNA'S LIFE!

EXACTLY! REFUSE TO IDENTIFY THEM, AND ANNA WILL BE SET FREE! IF NOT, I FEAR SHE WILL NOT LIVE OUT HER SENTENCE!

FOR OWNING A RADIO! YOU WOULD MAKE AMERICA A COUNTRY WHERE I CANNOT EVEN OWN A RADIO! A NATION OF SLAVES ...

ANNA'S LIFE AGAINST AMERICA! I MUST CHOOSE! SAVE MY SISTER AND BETRAY MY COUNTRY...!

COME, COME! LET ME HAVE YOUR ANSWER!



# POLICE COMICS



A PHONE CALL BROUGHT THE POLICE AND THE SAME F.B.I. MAN! SADICH'S WILD MOUTHINGS REVEALED THE STORY MIKE HAD NOT TOLD THEM!



DIPLOMATIC STRINGS WERE PULLED... AND ONE AUTUMN DAY IN 1951, THE HAPPIEST COP ON EARTH STOOD ON THE DOCK WITH HIS FRIEND...!



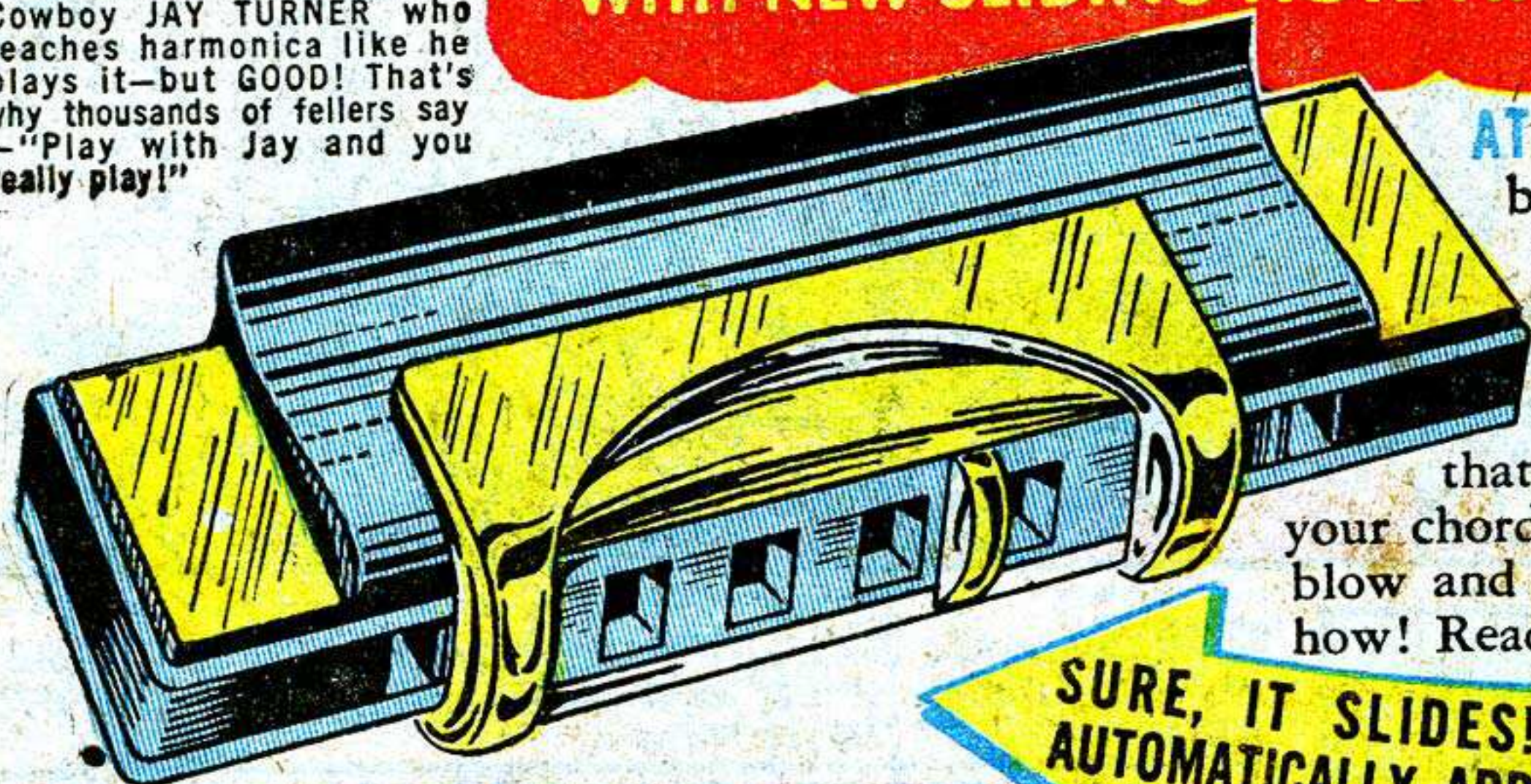




Radio's Super-Special  
**HARMONICA STAR**  
Cowboy JAY TURNER who  
teaches harmonica like he  
plays it—but GOOD! That's  
why thousands of fellers say  
—"Play with Jay and you  
really play!"

# Play Red Hot HARMONICA MUSIC In 8 Minutes Flat!

**RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP  
WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER-HARMONICA!**



**AT LAST**, a way to get hep to  
being a real harmonica maestro  
in a few **FAST MINUTES!**  
Leave it to Big Jay to dope out  
a sensational new "**SLIDING  
NOTE FINDER**" Harmonica  
that picks out your notes . . . adds  
your chords . . . does **EVERYTHING** but  
blow and take your bows! Fun . . . and  
how! Read exciting details below!

**SURE, IT SLIDES! PICKS OUT ANY MELODY!  
AUTOMATICALLY ADDS CHORDS! NO NOTES TO READ!**



Play For Dancing



They'll Sing With You

Only

**\$1**

## A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun  
is 'til you get "harmonica hot" the exciting  
Jay Turner way! Boy, Oh Boy! Watch the  
gang gather when you swing those cowboy  
favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as  
you roll into "Little Brown Jug" and "Oh!  
Susanna!" And will you have to beat it *fast*  
to escape the girls' Sinatra-swoons. Then at  
dances, hikes, picnics wherever pals and  
gals get together, who's Mr. Popularity?  
Nobody else but *you!*

## A CINCH—WITH JAY'S "SLIDING NOTE FINDER!"

You name it! Be-bop or swing, cowboy or  
hillbilly tunes, waltzes, hot jazz or jumpin'  
jive—Jay's magic **SLIDING NOTE FINDER**



Star At Outings

*actually picks out the right notes for you* as it slides back and forth  
over the top of your harmonica! You don't fuss around trying to  
blow through 10 different openings of the harmonica. Instead, you  
use just **ONE SINGLE** opening in your **MAGIC SLIDING NOTE  
FINDER**. Right away you're playing the melody. Then, like magic,  
the **NOTE FINDER** *automatically adds the right chords*—and  
you're making like a real radio professional!

## GRAB JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY!

When your pal, Jay, says "No Risk"—he means just that! So treat yourself to this  
never-before harmonica deal today. Then if in 8 minutes flat you're not playing  
actual tunes, just shoot back the **MAGIC "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA**,  
and you get your dollar back at once! **HURRY**, this may be your last chance!

## RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

**JAY TURNER, GUARANTEED DISTRIBUTORS CO., Dept. k 3**  
836 Broadway, New York 3, New York

**OKAY, JAY!** I enclose \$1.00. Shoot me my **MAGIC "SLIDING  
NOTE FINDER" HARMONICA**, plus **FREE SPEED COURSE**  
and **FREE** dope on **HARMONICA TRICKS**. If I'm not delighted,  
I may return the Harmonica in 5 days, and get my \$1 right back.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print Plainly

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**YOU LEARN LATEST  
RHYTHM ROPES**  
whizzing through Jay's  
exciting **Speed Course!**  
You don't even have to  
read a note of music. You just whiz along  
with plain-as-plain **PICTURE** directions.  
Then in 8 zippy minutes, you're *whizzing*  
through harmonica music that makes  
super-swell listening. **Speed Course** gives  
you music, words and "works" for 38 of  
your all-time favorites like—Yankee  
Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh, My Little Dar-  
ling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home  
Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin'  
Thro' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel—  
and 30 MORE!



## PLUS FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS!

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare  
all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost  
Noises"? It's **EASY** with Jay wising you  
up on these and lots more *professional*  
harmonica tricks!

**SNAP UP JAY'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!**